

By Mr. CRAMTON: A bill (H. R. 9067) granting an increase of pension to Sarah Compton; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. FITZGERALD: A bill (H. R. 9068) granting a pension to Elizabeth Barnack; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. MADDEN: A bill (H. R. 9069) to credit the accounts of James Hawkins, special disbursing agent, Department of Labor; to the Committee on Claims.

By Mr. PORTER: A bill (H. R. 9070) granting a pension to Elizabeth C. R. Hill; to the Committee on Invalid Pensions.

By Mr. REECE: A bill (H. R. 9071) granting a pension to William C. Younce; to the Committee on Pensions.

By Mr. RUBEY: A bill (H. R. 9072) for the relief of Morgan L. Atchley; to the Committee on Military Affairs.

By Mr. SWING: A bill (H. R. 9073) for the relief of John A. West; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

By Mr. TILLMAN: A bill (H. R. 9074) for the relief of Garrett Parker; to the Committee on Claims.

PETITIONS, ETC.

Under clause 1 of Rule XXII, petitions and papers were laid on the Clerk's desk and referred as follows:

2656. By Mr. FULLER: Petition of Emerson-Brantingham Co., Rockford Paper Box Board Co., Rockford Manufacturers & Shippers' Association, Rockford Wholesale Grocery Co., Burson Knitting Co., Hess & Hopkins Leather Co., Barber-Colman Co., and J. Holmquist & Sons, all of Rockford, Ill., protesting against any change in the present transportation act; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

2657. Also, petition of the American Federation of Railroad Workers, protesting against the passage of the Howell-Barkley bill (H. R. 7358); to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

2658. Also, petition of the Cox Jewelry Co. and C. A. Jensen, of La Salle; Lining Bros., of Peru; and W. T. Tress, Fred S. Keeler & Co., Fred H. Sanders, and Birger Carsen, of Ottawa, all in the State of Illinois, protesting against the tax on jewelry; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

2659. By Mr. GALLIVAN: Petition of Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution, Boston, Mass., petitioning that authorization be granted for the complete restoration and repairing of the frigate *Constitution* at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

2660. Also, petition of general executive board, International Association of Machinists, recommending favorable consideration of the Howell-Barkley bill; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

2661. By Mr. RAKER: Petition of California Independent Telephone Association, Pomona, Calif., in re elimination of tax on telephone and telegrams; to the Committee on Ways and Means.

2662. Also, petition of National Paper Box Manufacturers' Association, Philadelphia, Pa., protesting against passage of House bill 762, providing for amendment of the pure food and drugs act of June 30, 1906; to the Committee on Agriculture.

2663. Also, petitions of T. W. Simpson, Kennett, Calif., urging support of the Howell-Brinkley bill in re abolishment of Railway Labor Board, and American Federation of Railroad Workers, Jersey City, N. J., protesting against passage of Howell-Barkley bill; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

2664. Also, petition of Penobscot Farm Center, Cool, Calif., opposing passage of the Paige-Kelly-Edge bills; to the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.

2665. Also, petition of Arhold Spring, Pasadena, Calif., urging passage of Senate bill 966, the San Carlos Dam project for the relief of the Pima Indians; to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

2666. Also, petitions of Seth Mann, of San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, California, resolutions adopted in opposition to passage of Gooding bill (S. 2327), and the Associated Traffic Clubs of America, New York City, resolutions against anything that would restrict the Interstate Commerce Commission in re rate making; to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

2667. Also, petition of Board of Supervisors of Contra Costa County, State of California, resolution urging passage of the Reece-Capper bill providing for distribution of surplus military material; to the Committee on Military Affairs.

2668. By Mr. RAMSEYER: Petition of citizens of Eldon, Iowa, urging the passage of House bill 2702 and Senate bill 742; to the Committee on Naval Affairs.

2669. By Mr. YOUNG: Petition of the Aneta Commercial Club, Aneta, N. Dak., indorsing the McNary-Haugen bill; to the Committee on Agriculture.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

SUNDAY, May 4, 1924

The House met at 3 o'clock p. m., and was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore, Hon. JAMES S. PARKER, of New York.

Rev. M. J. Riordan, pastor of St. Martin's Church, Washington, D. C., offered the following prayer:

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice; let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication. If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Mr. SNELL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday may be deferred until to-morrow.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from New York asks unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal of yesterday's proceedings may be deferred until to-morrow. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES FOR HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN, HON. DANIEL J. RIORDAN, HON. LUTHER W. MOTT, AND HON. JAMES V. GANLY

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the special order for to-day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. CAREW, by unanimous consent—

Ordered, That Sunday, May 4, 1924, at 3 o'clock p. m., be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. W. BOURKE COCKRAN, HON. DANIEL J. RIORDAN, HON. LUTHER W. MOTT, and HON. JAMES V. GANLY, late Representatives from the State of New York.

Mr. CAREW. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 283

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. W. BOURKE COCKRAN, HON. DANIEL J. RIORDAN, HON. LUTHER W. MOTT, and HON. JAMES V. GANLY, late Members of the House from the State of New York.

Resolved, That Members be granted leave to extend their remarks on the life, character, and public services of the late Representatives.

Resolved, That, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of their distinguished public careers, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send copies of these resolutions to the families of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. MADDEN. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, we meet here this afternoon to pay tribute to the memory of four men who gave distinguished services to their country in this body—W. BOURKE COCKRAN, DANIEL J. RIORDAN, LUTHER W. MOTT, and JAMES V. GANLY. I came here this afternoon, not to mourn the death of any of these men, but to call attention to the reasons why we should be happy that they lived and rendered such distinguished services to their country. I came here especially to speak of the work and life and character of my very warm personal friend and fellow associate here for 20 years, DANIEL J. RIORDAN. He was one of the most kindly spirits I ever knew. There was no day too long and no work too hard for him to do. There was no task too difficult for him to undertake for the people of the State from which he came and in which he lived.

He was a very modest, unassuming man, simple in his daily life. He had ability that few men realized. He was one of the most eloquent, interesting, and humorous men when he chose to exercise the gift of oratory. He seldom chose to exercise it. He believed that much better results for the country could be obtained by doing the real work for which he was sent here than by occupying the time of the House in delivering speeches. He was one of the most influential men who ever served on the Committee on Naval Affairs. He

served on that committee during the upbuilding of the Navy. When he first became a member of the committee the Navy was but the skeleton of a military organization. He, together with George Foss, from my own State, the distinguished chairman of that committee, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, worked to build a Navy and succeeded in its upbuilding so that it was second to none in all the world.

Mr. RIORDAN was a member of this committee during the late war. It was during that period that men's souls were tried and their ability and patriotism tested. DAN RIORDAN was always equal to the task, whatever the task might be. He had the courage of his convictions. He had the integrity of purpose that led him to the place that he always ought to go. He was foremost in his advocacy of American rights in all that terrible conflict. He was an unobtrusive Member of the House, so far as work on the floor was concerned. His work in committee was where he shone. After all, that is where the work of Congress is done. You show me a man who qualifies as a working member of the committee, with a singleness of purpose and integrity of mind and heart, with a love for his country that knows no turning, and I will show you a man who in season and out of season is the bulwark upon which the stability of the Nation may depend. DAN RIORDAN was such a man. It was my good fortune to know him, perhaps, better than most men who have not had the privilege of coming into daily contact with him.

Early in our service here we became attached to each other; and I have never known the time or the condition, where the country's interest was at stake, that DAN RIORDAN was found wanting. It is a wonderful record to leave behind to his family and to his friends.

Of riches DAN RIORDAN had none; and that is the best test, after all, of faithful public service, for public service is not calculated to enable a man to accumulate riches, if we count riches in dollars. But what DAN RIORDAN did accumulate was riches in the character of the service he rendered to his Nation and to his State. He left a heritage to those who were responsible for sending him here which ought to inspire them to do what they may be called upon to do better than they would have otherwise done it.

He was a persuasive man in his modesty. He would come and sit beside an associate in the House and tell him the story of his needs and the needs of the people who sent him here in that modest, unassuming, characteristic way of his that carried conviction. No speech after such a conversation with DAN RIORDAN was necessary to portray the subject to the man with whom he had the conversation. He had a mind that was alert. He was always on the outlook for the things that would be beneficial to his great State and advantageous to the Nation which honored him, and which he honored in the great service which he rendered.

His life was one that went out to those who were less fortunate than he. He was able to meet and greet, if I may use the expression, the down-and-outer and leave him with a better outlook on life. The man who had concluded that his days were ended, that his hopes were gone, that his life was fruitless, that misery was the only thing in store for him had his heart gladdened by the words of affection and friendship and the handshake and the smile of recognition given to him by Mr. RIORDAN. He was made to feel that life was not hopeless, and it was in things of this sort that he was conspicuous—not so by any effort upon his part to become conspicuous, but, rather, conspicuous by the innate modesty with which he did the things that I have described. There is not much satisfaction in a man doing the things that Mr. RIORDAN did, if he did them only to become conspicuous through the effort of doing them. The conspicuity that he sought was in the work itself, with a distinct determination in his own mind that what he did no one should know except the one for whom he did it. That is the sort of thing that makes life worth living, that is the kind of service that I think makes men worth while, and if worthwhile lives are of any consequence to those who live them, then DAN RIORDAN lived a life worth while and did worth-while things.

So I say that I did not come here to mourn the death of Mr. RIORDAN. I came here to praise God that he lived, and that we knew him, and that we had the benefit of the life that he lived and the thoughts that he expressed. I came here to thank God that such a man was given to earth to mingle with his fellows, and that this man was permitted to become a part of the warp and woof of the Nation which gave him birth. It is because of this class of men that the Nation stands conspicuous throughout the world for its simplicity and determination to live for the future as well as for the present. What I mean by living for the future is to sow the seeds of service, to do

one's duty well, to set an example of clean living, and to make others proud of the citizenship which they bear, and which gives them such privileges as exist nowhere else. Mr. RIORDAN was an example of this simplicity and this kind of life, and we are proud that he lived and that he served and that what he did and what he said was worthy and clean and right. There is no reason why we should mourn the passing of men like this, and particularly there is no reason why we who believe in the future life should mourn, because we have been taught to believe that there is a future, and that that future will enable us to meet again with those with whom we fraternize while here. He is gone in body, but his soul is with us. He has passed on. We are here for only a short time, and our days are not long. We should be mindful of that, and being mindful of that it should be our greatest aim in life to so live and serve that when we pass on our fellows who remain behind may be able to say of us what it has been my great pride to say here to-day of my departed friend, DAN RIORDAN.

Mr. GILLET. Mr. Speaker, I was here during the entire service of Mr. MOTT, Mr. RIORDAN, and Mr. GANLY. I knew them all well and had a warm regard and esteem for each of them and mourned the sad and untimely end of their service here. With Mr. COCKRAN my acquaintance was much longer and more intimate. When I first came to Congress 31 years ago I found him already here with an established reputation as an orator. Although a young man in his thirties, his name was famous throughout the country, and though he had only been in Congress four years he was recognized as one of the formidable debaters and as one of the speakers whom his party put forward on gala days, and was a member of the important Committee on Ways and Means, which at that time consisted of only 17 members and was just beginning the consideration of the famous Wilson tariff bill.

The first time I ever heard Mr. COCKRAN was at the extra session of that Congress which President Cleveland called for the consideration of the silver question, and he made a great impression upon me, not only by his oratorical powers but by the philosophical way in which he sought to probe to the foundation of the subject and develop its fundamental principles.

A few years later Mr. COCKRAN and I were both members of a party which visited the Philippine Islands and in that way I came to know him intimately. He was a most agreeable and delightful companion, good tempered, considerate, entertaining, and showing those same powers of brilliant and epigrammatic speech which characterized him on the platform. Indeed, I sometimes thought that, perhaps unconsciously, he was always rehearsing in private for his public appearances, and was constantly schooling himself in forms of phrase as well as in argument and logic for public discussions. It became a habit with him to talk forensically and brilliantly. And yet, while his conversation was sparkling and argumentative, it was not so studied as to be affected or disagreeable, but indicated a mind ever on the alert and disciplining itself. He must have had a tremendous energy of temperament to be willing or able to always appear at his best and never require the relaxation which comes from careless utterance. To me that was one of his strongest characteristics, a prodigious and unfailing energy which made him always interesting, stimulating, and effective.

As an orator he was one of the best whom it has been my fortune to hear. He had a fine and powerful voice, an impressive presence, with a leonine head, great vigor and even vehemence of gesture, a consummate skill in arranging and developing his subject, a wealth of vocabulary, and an unfailing supply of wit and epigram, so that his speeches were entertaining and delightful as an exhibition, as well as powerful as arguments. Both his intellect and wit were extraordinarily quick and at his command, and the man who interrupted him nearly always suffered for his boldness. He was one of the brightest ornaments of this House. Whenever he spoke he was sure of a large audience, for those who disagreed with his opinions enjoyed the brilliancy and wit with which they were expressed.

As a friend and companion he was delightful, warm hearted, and loyal and generous, always sociable and responsive, one of those rare men blessed with the qualities of both heart and intellect which make men both love and admire them.

Mr. SNELL. Mr. Speaker, we are met here to-day to mourn the death of a colleague and friend who has answered the last roll call, who has passed to the great beyond, loved by his family and friends, respected by his associates, and honored by a constituency he had so faithfully and conscientiously served for many years.

LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT was born in Oswego, N. Y., on November 30, 1874, and died at the family homestead in that city on July 10, 1923, at the age of 51 years. He attended the public schools and graduated from the Oswego High School in 1892, and from Harvard College with the class of 1896. After graduating from college he returned and took a post-graduate course. He first entered newspaper work but soon left that to become associated with his father, the Hon John T. Mott, who was then and is now president of the First National Bank of Oswego. On account of diligent application to this work within a short time he was advanced to the position of vice president and cashier, and held these positions until the time of his death.

Coming as he did from a long line of men, both father and grandfather, who had been prominent in the politics of New York State, he naturally became interested in public affairs. His training and inherent adeptness to this work made him early in life a leader in local politics. He held a few minor city offices, but his first real prominence in New York State politics was when Charles E. Hughes, then Governor of New York State, appointed him superintendent of banks, one of the most important appointive offices in the State. From this time on he assumed an important rôle in the political life of Oswego County and the north country. Coming to Congress in the fall of 1911, the beginning of the Sixty-third Congress, he served continually until the time of his death and had been reelected to the Sixty-eighth Congress. During his service here he was a member of the Committee on Claims, Foreign Affairs, and for the last three terms had been a member on the Ways and Means Committee. He was also chairman of the New York Republican delegation.

LUTHER W. MOTT was an energetic, hard-working Member of Congress, and no man in this body was more active or knew the wishes of his constituents better than he. He was a good judge of public sentiment and at all times represented it as he found it among his people. He figured service was stronger than talk, and I know of no man who was more influential or had more friends among the people of his district. Prompt attention to the people's business was his motto at all times. He was a pioneer in both the prohibition and woman suffrage causes, and in both he proved himself not only progressive but awake to the spirit of the time.

Of all the public men I have known I think I can truthfully say LUTHER MOTT was the kindest, and never was he too busy to do a favor or render a service to a friend. Another of his strong points was his loyalty to his friends. When a man was once a friend he always stood by him, and this loyalty of friends is plainly shown by the fact that during the seven times he was a candidate for Congress he never had a contest in the primaries and was elected each time by increased majorities. While a Member of Congress he was honored with a degree of doctor of laws by St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y., and George Washington University, Washington.

As a private citizen, as a public official, he maintained that same modest, unassuming mode of life, and never ceased to grow in mental power and capacity to serve his people. He met each new responsibility and successfully mastered it. He filled with credit to himself, his family, and his State each new responsibility thrust upon him. He died at the height of his popularity and usefulness, a faithful public servant, mourned by a devoted people, who loved him for his frank and kindly dealings with his fellow men.

Mr. CULLEN. Mr. Speaker, putting our thoughts in language that will properly express our feelings toward departed friends is, indeed, a hard task. To pay fitting tribute to four statesmen like WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, DANIEL J. RIORDAN, LUTHER W. MOTT, and JAMES VINCENT GANLY is doubly hard, because their passing is a loss not only to their families and friends but is a loss to the entire Empire State and to the Nation.

I shall address myself more particularly to DANIEL J. RIORDAN, as I knew him best and longest. Our acquaintance and friendship covered a period of 30 years or more. We served together in the New York State Senate from 1903 to 1906 and then again in the House when I had the honor of becoming a Member in 1919 until his death, he having served continuously in this body for 18 years.

The individuals who stand out in prominence the world over are the ones whose honesty and simplicity first attract you and whose gigantic ability to perform their tasks afterwards impresses you. Words of praise can be used in the description of anybody who has ceased to exist, but truthful words describing a character that had to do with all of the

different phases of human nature and came through without a scar is, indeed, the exception. This I can justly say of our departed friend, DAN RIORDAN.

He was always ready to lend a helping hand to the needy and never tired of doing favors for those in need of his service as a Representative in Congress, a position in which he so long and so ably acquitted himself. His ability as a legislator was recognized and was emphasized by his assignment to two of the most important committees in the House—Naval Affairs and Rules. It can truly be said of him that he died in the performance of duty. He came to his office in the House Office Building one afternoon. While at his desk he complained of feeling badly, but little did those with him know how seriously he was ill. It was characteristic of him not to complain, and he assured those with him that he would soon be all right. Later that afternoon he was found unconscious sitting in the chair at his work desk. He was taken immediately to a hospital, and that evening came the announcement that his spirit had taken its flight and passed on over the Great Divide. It was a surprise and a shock.

To me it was personal. He had always been "DAN RIORDAN," tireless, undaunted, and invincible. He was my friend. His friendship was really worth having. Public life makes many fair weather friends. Many there are who shake your hand and pat your back when you are in the heyday of your power; but RIORDAN's friendship was of the kind that was much stronger when the clouds of political or other adversity frowned upon you. He had a smile and a good word for everybody, from the highest to the lowest, who were connected with the busy life of the Capitol.

Never posing as an orator, he was never a "victim of words nor a phrasesmith." He was simple and direct in thought and action; frank, truthful, and free from hypocrisy and cowardice. Naturally he had an unconscious courage. He was an excellent judge of men and measures, and never have I known a man in the State who in the halls of legislation or in the marts of trade won a larger or more loyal following. The attendance at his funeral bore silent testimony to this.

It was often and truthfully said of DAN RIORDAN: "Everybody likes DAN." If he had any enemies, I do not know of them. Strenuous at times as were his political contests, they never left bitterness or revengeful feelings with him. He was a charitable man, and many a poor family and bereft widow today will miss the efforts which DAN RIORDAN was wont to put forth in their behalf. Among all the multitudes who knew him in boyhood and in manhood, in private and in public life, not one can recall a mean, vindictive, or deceitful word. Sincere in his beliefs, faithful to his convictions, steadfast in his friendships, he was loyal to every cause he espoused. His life has made many a man happier, his example will make many better, and his service to his constituency and to New York State will endure so long as our country shall last.

I personally deeply mourn the passing away of DANIEL J. RIORDAN, W. BOURKE COCKRAN, LUTHER W. MOTT, and JAMES VINCENT GANLY, all of whom typified the highest ideals and the very noblest and best American manhood and statesmanship. And thus I bid farewell to beloved friends and colleagues and leave them to the rest that they have so nobly earned, the rest which is the portion of the just till they are called to the dawn of the eternal day.

Mr. O'CONNELL of New York. Mr. Speaker, it is to-day my sad duty and yet my happy privilege to speak to you of the passing of one who was for many years an honored and beloved Member of this House—DANIEL J. RIORDAN, Representative from the eleventh district of New York. He was a New Yorker born and bred, a product of our teeming East Side, where he first saw the light in 1870. He attended the public schools of the district until his seventeenth year, when he entered Manhattan College, graduating from that institution four years later with the degree of A. B. He then became a partner in the real-estate business conducted by his father. He was, however, always interested in politics and an active worker for the interests of the Democratic Party, to which his family and friends belonged. This resulted at last in his selection as a candidate for the State senate, to which he was elected in 1902, at the early age of 32. He filled this office so satisfactorily that he was renominated in 1904 and once more elected. On this second election he was appointed by Lieutenant Governor Bruce a member of the committees on insurance, forest, fish and game, and military affairs. His work on these committees led to his being appointed in 1905 a member of the special insurance investigating committee.

By this time he was marked out for advancement and was nominated by his party as one of the Representatives to this

House from New York City and elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress. He was once more elected to the Fifty-ninth Congress, to serve out the unexpired term of Timothy D. Sullivan, who had resigned. After that, for 16 successive years, from the Sixtieth to the Sixty-seventh Congresses, inclusive, he served as Representative for the eleventh district of New York, covering the lower part of Manhattan and including Staten Island. He was beloved by every man, woman, and child in his district, of which he was a typical product, and was so popular that he was invariably returned to Congress by immense majorities.

This, in brief, is the story of his political career, during which he was uniformly successful and in which he has left a shining mark for those of us who were his colleagues to strive after. But to detail this is to give you only the husks and to ignore the good grain within. There is another side to this public record of office efficiently filled. That side is written in the minds and engraved upon the hearts of those—and their name is legion—whom he helped and befriended in one way or another during his long career in the people's service. Service—there is a word that largely epitomizes what this man was, what his life meant to all of us who knew and loved him. No kindness that he could do for anyone, however humble, was ever refused. His heart was big with sympathy for those less fortunate than himself, and his hand ever went out to do what his heart prompted. Hundreds of men and women on the East Side have cause to bless the memory of DANIEL RIORDAN for many a hidden act of kindness, many a private deed of unselfish charity. Unselfishness, indeed, was the keynote of his character. He gave himself constantly and unsparingly and found joy in the giving. I can testify personally to this, as can others of you who hear me to-day. Well do I remember when I first came to Washington, considerably awed by my new responsibilities and decidedly vague as to the correct performance of my duties. He took me in hand, as he did many another, and made the path easy for my feet. He was never too busy or too much engaged to give me wise advice and kindly counsel or to discuss with me some matter of policy or conduct upon which I was in doubt. His help to me was never failing, and the mere knowledge that I had his ripe experience to rely upon worked wonders for me in the way of making me sure of myself amid surroundings that were at first decidedly strange.

My story in this respect has, I am sure, been the story of all his colleagues from New York who came to this House later than he and whose good fortune it was to have in him a mentor and a guide. I can say of him wholeheartedly that he was a tower of strength to every one of us. His office door was always ajar for his fellow Members seeking advice or suggestions upon questions of importance. No man of us ever went to him for help, political or personal, and came away empty handed. And what he was to us he was in a wider sense to all his constituents, a steadfast friend and a stalwart champion. He was a true Democrat in every sense of the word, a plain man born of the plain people and devoting himself to their interests. He not only represented his district politically—other men have done that ably enough—but he was, in a manner of speaking, the soul of it, the very type and flower of what it stands for. Behind every act and word of his in this House lay the all-absorbing thought "How can I best serve these good people who have sent me here and whom I represent?" His life proved how faithfully he answered that question, and his continual reelection was the tribute paid to that unswerving devotion.

There is little more that I need say. I have pictured the man to you as he was—a great Democrat, modest in his greatness, resourceful, tender, considerate, tactful, wholly dependable and wholeheartedly generous. He had all the virtues of the kindly race from which he came and was quick to catch the hint of sadness or of mirth and to respond to either—at once a genuine Celt and a true American. He was my friend and I mourn his passing. He was beside that the friend of all his fellow Members, and I verily believe of every living soul in his district. In saying that I have said everything. No man can earn a greater reward than this, and none that I ever knew more richly deserved it.

But yesterday, it seems to me, he walked and worked among us in these narrow rooms, in this poor Chamber of ours, and then, on a sudden, his "cabined ample spirit fluttered, and failed for breath," and to-day "it doth inherit the vasty halls of death." His taking up of that great inheritance—his ending of this adventure that we call life—reminds me irresistibly, must in fact of necessity recall to us all, that we also are journeying in the same direction, and that as old Omar sings so sweetly, "The bird of time has but a little way to fly, and lo! The bird is on the wing." All too soon we also shall be called upon to take that last pilgrimage, and when that call comes for

you and me my prayer is that we may set foot upon that lonely road with as high a courage and as clean a record as did DANIEL RIORDAN. If you will bear with me for a moment, I should like to recite to you some lines written by another friend of mine for an occasion such as this—lines that appeal to me as being peculiarly fitted to express what I find it hard to say:

A good man died to-day. At work he was
When Death, who wished him well, at eventide
Summoned him gently. Now, we weep because
Too soon he died.

Yet not too soon. Was not his work well done?
And when the task is o'er repose is best.
Earth hath no greater gift for this, her son,
Than peaceful rest.

Honest and honored, faithful, kind, and true,
His name untarnished he was proud to keep.
Simple and just, well has he earned his due—
A dreamless sleep.

His life was quiet, even as his end;
His homespun virtues joy about him spread.
He was a tender husband, father, friend—
And he is dead.

Nay! Never dead while in the hearts of those
Who loved him for his worth he lives enshrined.
Death takes the bloom, the perfume of the rose
It leaves behind.

So, while we keep his memory green, we know
His living presence all our tears hath dried.
Death has his body, but himself—ah, no—
He has not died.

That is the note I should like to leave with you. Let this be our friend's epitaph—one that, I think, he would himself have chosen:

To DANIEL RIORDAN, who for a few years lived and labored with us in this House and who lives forever in our hearts.

And now in all sorrow and reverence we commend his spirit to the Great Father of us all, from whom it drew. May his soul rest in peace!

Mr. SWEET. Mr. Chairman, Members of the House of Representatives, the invitation to say something of the life and public services of LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT upon this occasion and in this presence touches me very deeply.

It is indeed an honor which I appreciate, and I am gratified at being afforded an opportunity to testify to the high character and great achievement of a dear friend with whom I was so intimately associated in social and political life.

LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT was born in old Oswego, a city rich in history and tradition, and there in his early life molded a character which stood the test throughout his entire career, both private and public; his education in the city grammar and high schools, continued through that great institution of learning, Harvard University, from which he graduated with the degree of bachelor of arts, nurtured those soul-implanted ideals that bespeak manhood, integrity, and honor.

The man who receives honor is the man whose life and work are most consonant with the ideals of the country in which he lives. To be true to such an ideal means honor and renown. In no land has such honor ever been purchased by wealth. It comes alone from service, self-sacrifice, and patriotic devotion to duty. In every land honor and renown are accorded to every citizen who fills his life with service to others in any walk of life, public or private, civil or martial; and such was the life of LUTHER MOTT. No one can point out the source of the American ideal of manhood. Like our people, our ideals seem to have been drawn from every part of the civilized globe. In them are to be discovered the religious teachings of all denominations, the self-sacrifice of the early founders of our Republic, who were willing to endure anything that they might enjoy freedom of conscience, and the courage and bravery of the early colonists, whose bold patriotism compelled them to take up arms to fight for a place where their ideals might be worked out in human conduct.

From whatever source this well-recognized American spirit came, in these days and times it expresses itself in self-reliance, fair play, and the giving of equal opportunity. We visualize the American ideal in the self-reliant man, who asks no favors but demands an opportunity as his right, in the self-sacrificing man who is willing to spend and be spent that good may prevail, and in the patriotic man who under heaven finds his country's demand superior and undeniable.

The American ideal demands honesty, clean living, fair dealing, equal opportunity to all, industry, and devotion to her institutions; and the American citizen who is true to that ideal, who is alert, active, unrestrained, and devoted in the performance of his duty, the American people have always crowned and will always continue to crown with honor; and as men who have lived consistently and honorably up to that ideal pass away the hearts of the American people are proud to acknowledge their service with the highest measure of praise, and whether or not their memorials consist of statues or other material construction, they earn and they possess an everlasting memorial in the hearts and affections of the country's people. Those of you who were privileged to know LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT and with him labor in these Halls of Congress, know of his great devotion to the interests of our country, his untiring effort for the greatest service to his district and its people, his self-sacrifice that greatest good and the best for all might prevail, know that his was a life in keeping with the ideals I have endeavored to picture and to him an indestructible monument of love, devotion, and undying confidence he himself builded in the hearts of his people.

To-day we gather to pay tribute to his memory; and while it seemed cruel that he should have been stricken from the field of activity in the summer of his life, we can but take comfort and give comfort to his loved ones who patiently wait the rejoining in the great beyond by bringing afresh to their minds that Almighty God asks nothing for nothing, and as we lift our hearts to Him in prayer we say, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." If we mean this, and if it comes from our hearts, He will respond with a balm for every wound and a joy to balance every sorrow, and He will give us each day in our affliction abundant consolation in that almost universal belief that Divine Providence makes all things equal and solves for the just man the mystery of death as life everlasting.

Mr. PRALL. Mr. Speaker, on April 28, 1923, the Members of this House and the citizens of the State of New York were shocked at the news of the sudden death of DANIEL JOSEPH RIORDAN, a Representative in Congress.

From out of the turmoil of New York life came DANIEL J. RIORDAN.

Born of Irish-American stock in an East Side district, it was the ambition of his parents to provide for him a professional career.

He was an honor graduate of the public schools of the city of New York and later Manhattan College.

As he attained manhood he became a dominant factor of that great throbbing East Side as it was constituted in those days, and naturally acquired many of the characteristics of those from whom he sprang and with whom he played such a prominent part.

Political life has its attractions for many men. Through it some seek prominence and power, others financial gain, while still others use it as a means to an end. To "DAN" RIORDAN, as he was affectionately known, it meant more than these; it meant life itself.

He considered it a mark of distinction to be selected by his fellow citizens for positions of honor that made him a force in American life.

It has been said of the French that every soldier carries in his knapsack a marshal's baton, and there is fixed in the mind of every stout-hearted American boy the thought that some day he may sit in the legislative halls of his State or perhaps of the Nation and in the end become President.

That is no mean aspiration for any American boy to cherish, and that was the aspiration of young DANIEL J. RIORDAN.

He became interested in the civic affairs of his city and an active worker in the ranks of his party.

He was of that rare type of man who never strayed from the straight path of duty and who was never out of touch with the people whom he loved and served so faithfully.

To say he was appreciated at home is merely to say that the people who supported him in his political engagements knew him best.

He was first a good citizen, a real Democrat, and a loyal party man, who, from his humble beginning, attained all of the honors during a period of years that his people could give him.

Trusted in every relation of life, he responded fully to the expectations of those who honored him.

His home life was ideal. His political life was security itself, because he fairly breathed loyalty. To his friends he was as pure gold.

He was never known to shirk an obligation. His manner was quiet and unassuming, his disposition genial and sunny, his companionship delightful, and his efforts to serve untiring.

With all these fine attributes it is no wonder that he acquired great influence with the people.

He was of the type they delight to honor and elevate to official life. In his case they did that with such regularity that his tenure of public office was practically permanent.

At the time of his death he represented the eleventh New York congressional district in the House of Representatives. In this district is located the "melting pot" of the Nation, where perhaps every nationality on the face of the globe is represented. Here also may be found the homes of the sturdy mechanic, the small shopkeeper, the clerk, and the salesman; the great shipping port of New York; Richmond, the great home borough; Wall Street, the most important financial center of the world; the wholesale dry goods mart; in fact, the center of all the great business interests of our country.

Life to him was interesting because he was in constant touch with all these elements.

The major and happiest part of his time, however, was devoted to the poor, the needy, the oppressed, and the unfortunates in his district.

He had always lived where he was born. His office was near his home. He knew every resident of his district and they in turn knew him. Their haven at all times was "DAN" RIORDAN's home or office. There he met them and listened patiently to their tales of poverty, distress, trouble, and hardship; and these tales were never told in vain.

Sympathetic and charitable to a degree, he never turned them down.

No case was too trivial for his personal attention.

"DAN" RIORDAN knew human nature and its weaknesses, and the powerful and sustaining hand of the Congressman was always there when needed.

Day in and day out, year in and year out, the infirm and the aged, the young man or young woman starting out in life, the business man, the policeman, the fireman, the city employee or politician would go to him for something, and, regardless of race, creed, or color, it was never denied.

His method of doing things for others was quiet but persistent, and he obtained results. His life was devoted to service, which was always given willingly and cheerfully.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Mr. RIORDAN was elected to the Senate of the State of New York in 1902 and reelected in 1904.

Thereafter he was elected a Member of the Fifty-sixth Congress, later returned to the State senate, and again elected to the Fifty-ninth Congress, where he served continuously until the Sixty-seventh Congress, having been elected to the House of Representatives twelve times.

His service in the House was effective and of great benefit to the people of the district he represented, to the State, and to the Nation.

The very characteristics that endeared him to his friends made him a popular and beloved Member of the House.

He had old-fashioned notions regarding his work as a Member of the House of Representatives.

Receiving his daily mail, he would reply to the many requests by writing personally to his constituents.

It required many long hours to accomplish this task, and it was while he was so occupied alone in his office that he was stricken. He was so weakened before assistance came that within a few hours he had passed away.

Removed to his home in Oliver Street among those he loved and by whom he was loved, every manifestation of their affection was bestowed upon him.

High and low, rich and poor alike, called to say their last farewell to "DAN."

The city official and the business man rubbed shoulders with the peddler and the poor of the tenements in paying their respects to his memory.

Magnificent floral pieces were sent by the prosperous, while a single rose or a faded flower, purchased with the last few cents by the poor, bore silent testimony of their love and esteem.

Thousands attended the services in the church just around the corner from his home, where as boy and man he had worshiped and attended his devotions and to which he gave fealty and loyalty.

Mr. Speaker, during the last term of the Congress Mr. WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, Mr. JAMES VINCENT GANLY, and Mr. LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT, former Members of this House from the State of New York, also passed along to their inevitable end, all having given generously of their talents to the Nation.

Those of us who still remain must be reminded that we, too, must soon account for our stewardship to the Great Master.

In contemplation of this thought I am reminded of a verse from a little poem:

Again a parting sail we see,
Another boat has left the shore;
A kinder soul on board has she
Than ever left the land before;
And as her outward course she bends
Sit closer, friends.

Mr. PARKER. Mr. Speaker, among the oldest customs of this House is that of commemorating the lives, character, and public services of men who die while serving in its membership. However this custom may have originated, it is particularly appropriate that it should be perpetuated and followed by the House. In this era public men are subjected to so much criticism, and so much evil is attributed to them, so many sinister motives are charged as characterizing their every public act that it is highly fitting that their intimate associates in public life should at some time make a record of the good things for which such men have been noted and the good they have been able to accomplish.

It is difficult for anyone who is not familiar with the complex life of the great metropolis of this country to understand and appreciate such a character as the late DANIEL J. RIOR-DAN. New York is a great cosmopolitan community to which come the poor and the oppressed from every clime in the civilized world. They naturally seek the help, friendship, and assistance of some strong, dominant personality.

Mr. RIOR-DAN was born in the city of New York, but his activities were identified with the lower East Side, a section of the city much discussed but so little understood by idealists who attempt the impossible in the reformation of human nature. He was brought up in a school where strong men naturally force their way to the front. A man of great courage, of big heart, of winning personality, with sympathy always ready to extend to the unfortunate and the oppressed, he very quickly attracted to himself the loyal support of many persons who, indifferent to his political views, were attached to him because of the innumerable secret kindnesses which were extended through his bounty.

He served a number of years in the Senate of the State of New York. He was elected to this House, retired, and re-elected.

He was successful in the bodies in which he had served because his peculiar talents, his indefatigable industry, and his intimate knowledge of the business transacted by those bodies made him an effective and influential member.

In political life in the city of New York there is not much else that men have upon which they can build their reputations and acquire power except the reputation for veracity, the knowledge that their plighted word is sacred, and an unswerving loyalty to their friends and associates. Whatever the turn of the wheel of fortune may be, men like Mr. RIOR-DAN remain loyal to their friends. No matter what trouble overtakes them, no matter what criticism is provoked, no matter what personal sacrifice may be necessary, they are loyal to their followers and to their friends. My experience in politics leads me to believe that it is the very best and the most essential characteristic for success in public men. We frequently see the cold, selfish, keen, able man ready to sacrifice everyone and every principle that contributes to his success so long as his advancement will be furthered; but the rare and enduring characteristic of the men of lasting power and influence in public life is the strong sense of loyalty always in evidence, which makes their friends, their associates, and their followers know that they will not be deserted in the time of travail and trouble.

I knew Mr. RIOR-DAN for 20 years. I became acquainted with him when I was quite a young man and I got to know him intimately. We join with those who have reason to cherish his memory in paying this brief tribute to the personality and character of a man who rose to power, influence, and domination in the great metropolis of this country, and who in a quiet but effective way rendered valuable services to his city and his State.

Mr. Speaker, we assemble to pay tribute to our colleagues whose lives were closely linked with the war Congresses and who recently passed from human mystery to divine understanding. Each in his way performed his duty as he believed to be right; each rendered valuable service to his country; each left affectionate recollections in our hearts.

I speak more particularly of my friend and fellow colleague of New York, who faithfully and conscientiously represented his district in formulating the laws of our Republic.

He was a student of economic questions, familiar with the political history of all ages, a man of acute knowledge of the

industries of his State, which he jealously guarded, a banker of keen perception.

Men are singled by nature with positive powers to evolve new thoughts, new ideas for the benefit of the world, leaving in their wills a heritage to all mankind. Why one is born to power and another to live in obscurity is a secret that rests with Providence.

LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT was an indefatigable worker; his mind was being daily repaired by diligent application. He studied legislation with attention and deep thought. He gave his talents in the interest of the public good for peace and concord.

LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT was born, reared, educated, lived, worked, and passed away in the State of his nativity, New York.

Whenever a colleague or an associate or one who has attained distinction passes away there rises a duty which the living owe to the dead. In the discharge of that duty, solemn as it is, we are met here this day. LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT was my office neighbor.

He came from my State. He was my associate upon the floor of this House. He knew many of my acquaintances. We have strolled the streets of this city together at different times. We have exchanged views upon important pending legislation and on varied subjects. He was my friend. I grew to know the man, his methods, his purposes, his opinions, and his worth.

He brought to the investigation of any subject under consideration a trained mind. His arguments were logical, forceful, his statements concise, and his judgments sound, his mental processes were rapid, his industry intense, his integrity was unquestioned, his character above reproach, and that, after all, is the best asset a man can have. He was resolute and firm in his convictions. His reputation was not confined to the boundaries of his own district; it extended far beyond. Some men like so to live that when they have gone they will be held in loving remembrance by those whom they have left behind; some there are who like so to work that when the last dread summons comes they may know that the influence and the results of good deeds wrought here may be projected far into the future. Our colleague has secured both of these. He lived as though he were to die to-morrow, and he worked as though he were to live forever. His labors are finished, his life is ended, the door was open, he crossed its threshold; he is absent but not forgotten.

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN

Mr. FISH. Mr. Speaker—

None knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise.

The life story of WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN is synonymous with the growth and industrial development of the United States since reconstruction days, and more especially with that of New York City. Born in Sligo, Ireland, February 28, 1854, he immigrated at 14 years of age. His phenomenal climb up the ladder to great distinction purely on his own efforts is an inspiration to hold out to immigrants and native born alike as emphasizing that recognition of individual ability and reward which merit obtains under our laws and form of government.

At his death WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN was acknowledged as one of the greatest orators in America, or, as a matter of fact, anywhere in the world. His massive head and sturdy physique gave added strength to his deep and resonant voice. He was skilled in all the arts of oratory and could speak in thunder tones of denunciation or in the quiet and easy flow of a conversationalist. He was never at loss for the right words to convey a particular shade of meaning, and had an extraordinary memory of all he had read or seen. He could speak fluently on most subjects with little preparation, and curiously enough this characteristic was a detriment to his reputation as an orator and as a leader of thought and molders of public opinion, for the reason that his friends took advantage of his good nature to persuade him to speak for their bills and often bolster up poor causes. It is expected of an orator so distinguished as Mr. COCKRAN that whenever he opened his lips pearls of wisdom would come forth, and frequently, through lack of preparation or a weak cause, he would disappoint his admirers.

He was without a rival as a public speaker. His varied and brilliant accomplishments, copious diction, marvelous memory, magnificent rhetoric, gracious presence, dazzling humor, glorious voice, and Irish brogue made him the complete embodiment of an orator such as has not been seen in Congress since the days of Webster, Clay, or Calhoun. There is no man who has lived in our generation who had more knowledge of the history of the world and none who saw more with the eyes of

the prophet or the vision of the seer. He was not troubled with what the world was thinking to-day, but anticipated with clearness and vision the future of to-day's politics. He predicted events with almost uncanny or superhuman divination. He was unafraid either to form his own views on important political issues or to maintain them, even to the extent of leaving the Democratic Party in 1896 because of his advocacy of the gold standard. Time has proved that he was right and his party was wrong; but because he openly supported McKinley he has been charged with being inconsistent politically, a charge that refutes itself, as he showed the courage of his convictions by upholding a great political and economic principle. He demonstrated his independence in politics again when he followed his intimate friend Theodore Roosevelt into the Progressive camp and ran a hopeless race for Congress from the Long Island district where his summer home was located, although he polled a few hundred more votes than the Republican candidate. He was impelled to join the Progressive movement partly out of friendship for Theodore Roosevelt and partly out of sheer admiration for the principles in the Progressive covenant with the people. From the beginning of his career to the very end WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN was a progressive in political thought.

He was a tribune of the people in behalf of human rights, and a ready champion of the oppressed of all nations, including his own much cherished but not always appreciative kinsmen in Ireland.

He was not only endowed with great intellectual and mental powers but to his last day he was blessed with remarkable physical strength and vigor far beyond that of a man of his years. I had the good fortune of knowing Mr. COCKRAN well before I came to Congress and my admiration and devotion increased as I was drawn into closer contact with him. We served on the same committee, that of Foreign Affairs, and he often helped me with legislation I was interested in, especially in having my resolution reported favoring the establishment of a homeland for the Jewish people in Palestine.

He enjoyed exercise and liked to walk up from the Capitol to the Metropolitan Club after Congress had adjourned for the day, so invariably twice a week we would take this 2-mile walk. It was no leisurely stroll as Mr. COCKRAN always acted as pacemaker and set a good gait. On the surface, my friendship with Mr. COCKRAN was that of a younger man for an older, although he flattered me by treating me as his equal, in reality it was that of a disciple or student for his master. It was a treat for the gods to walk along with Mr. COCKRAN and listen to him discuss historical, political, or religious questions. I doubt if there ever was a more charming conversationalist. I am quite sure that there is no layman in the Roman Catholic Church, and few priests who have such detailed knowledge of early church history.

I believe he could name all the Popes chronologically and explain to the smallest details the issues involved at the great church conferences of medieval days. I always marveled that one human brain could retain such a vast amount of information. He was pious to a degree, and attended mass regularly. Sincere in his religious devotions, he was never intolerant of others, and was always ready to discuss religious questions openly and with real breadth of vision. His beautiful and charming wife, daughter of Henry Clay Ide, the former Governor General of the Philippines, to whom he was devoted, remained a Protestant, and to his dying day both worshipped after their own manner, and both respected each other's religious views. Deeply religious in thought and action, always kindly, courteous, and considerate of others, and with never a harsh word for his employees, two of whom, his secretary and his chauffeur, had been with him more than a score of years, he was the personification of a Christian gentleman.

He was stricken in his own house at Washington, February 23, 1923, after celebrating his sixty-ninth birthday. There was never a Christian better prepared to meet his Maker, and enter into the gates of heaven.

With the exception of Theodore Roosevelt I have never known a more gifted character, or one endowed with such vigorous physical and mental qualities. He was one of the few great public servants that New York City has developed since reconstruction, and as years go by and his speeches are studied his fame will increase. In my opinion he was one of the greatest Americans of our generation, but not fully understood or appreciated.

His funeral services were held at New York City, attended by all the dignitaries of his church and by a vast throng of friends and admirers. He had eight pallbearers, two of whom, former Congressman DANIEL J. RIORAN and former Congressman Thomas F. Smith, have since died, and among those on the congressional delegation attending the funeral, LUTHER W.

MOTT, the dean of the Republican Representatives from New York, has passed to the great beyond.

Let us remember that, whatever is the destiny of the Republic, we must die. Let us reflect how vain are the personal strifes and partisan contests in which we daily engage in view of the great account which we may so soon be called to render.

The memory of BOURKE COCKRAN will always be among the cherished treasures of the House of Representatives and in the hearts of all the Members who served with him. He was one of the few veteran statesmen left in the Halls of Congress. He touched nothing which he did not adorn. His noble acts survive him. Of him it is just to say that "all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and truth's." Those of us who knew him well admired, respected, and loved him for what he was and not for his oratory or for all his fame. Of such as him we may say with the poet—

The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye;
But not extinct—they hold their way
In glory through the sky.

LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT

LUTHER W. MOTT, the dean of the Republican Members of Congress from New York State, came from an ancient and distinguished line of ancestors who for generations have served their country in politics. Their family history has been closely identified with the growth and development of the northwestern section of New York State.

Born in Oswego November 30, 1874, he was educated at the Oswego High School and Harvard College. He early became affiliated with the banking business, which was his sole avocation, except politics, until he died.

In 1910 he was elected president of the New York State Bankers' Association.

Mr. MOTT was elected to Congress as a Republican in 1912, the year that the Progressive Party polled more electoral votes than the Republicans. Most of the Republican candidates for Congress from New York State suffered defeat in the Democratic landslide when Woodrow Wilson was elected President. Therefore Mr. MOTT, although belonging to the minority party on his entrance into Congress, immediately became an important factor in Republican councils.

When the Republicans returned to power in the House of Representatives in 1919, LUTHER MOTT became the dean of the Republican Members from the Empire State, and was elected chairman of the delegation. He also became a member of the important Ways and Means Committee, where he took an active part in helping and in securing adequate protection for the great manufacturing interests of his State.

Gentle and courteous in manner, liberal in his views, he made an ideal Representative of his people. He always appreciated there were two sides to every question, and never rushed in blindly on account of prejudice or sentiment. He was a trained and experienced political leader, and had he lived longer would unquestionably have become one of the most influential Republican leaders in New York State politics, and consequently in the United States.

Although a banker by inheritance and training, he was an outspoken advocate of adjusted compensation for the veterans of the World War; he was equally the friend of the disabled soldiers, and stood for all veteran relief legislation.

He devoted his entire time to serving and representing his constituents, which was appreciated fully in his district, as shown by the large majorities he received. In 1922 when the Democrats swept New York State and elected their governor by 300,000, LUTHER MOTT received over 20,000 majority, whereas his Republican colleagues everywhere suffered largely reduced majorities or were defeated. He was untiring in his willingness and eagerness to do kind and obliging things for all who reasonably or unreasonably asked them at his hands at any cost or time or trouble to himself. He literally sacrificed his own personal and private interests on the altar of public service.

When he died at his home at Oswego last summer he was in the prime of life and at the height of his career, with a bright future to look forward to.

His family life had been most happy. His attractive and intelligent wife was his helpmate in politics and in social circles in Washington. He left two daughters and a son, who was a student in Harvard University.

If ever a man had a loving family, a bright political future, and everything worth while in the world to live for it was LUTHER W. MOTT.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

Mr. SNYDER. Mr. Speaker, those who have already addressed the House have, in glowing phrase, detailed the splendid public service of LUTHER W. MOTT to his country and sketched a loving portrait of his life. I can add no coloring to this portrait, but for many years LUTHER W. MOTT was my true and tried friend. On many occasions I drew upon his friendship, and on every occasion received from him unstinted testimonial of his affection. I can not, therefore, be silent on an occasion of this character and not lay my humble tribute upon the bier of my beloved friend.

The district which he represented in Congress adjoined the district which I have the honor of representing, and I speak for his daily associates and neighbors; people who loved him as one of their own household; people to whom his unofficial life was a beautiful inspiration. He was a devoted husband, and his death was a great loss to his family, to the Nation, and to the State of New York. Those of us whom he has left behind honor his high character and love his memory.

Mr. O'CONNOR of New York. Mr. Speaker, within a few months, about a year ago, the great State of New York suffered the loss of four of its Representatives in Congress, the Hon. DANIEL JOSEPH RIORDAN, the Hon. LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT, the Hon. WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, and the Hon. JAMES VINCENT GANLY.

The time allotted to me would not permit anything like an adequate eulogy of all of those distinguished sons of the Empire State.

I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to that illustrious gentleman who preceded me as a Representative in Congress of the sixteenth congressional district of the State of New York—the Hon. WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN.

BOURKE COCKRAN! What memories that name conjures in our minds!

It is my privilege to-day, solely because chance has honored me by election in his stead from the congressional district which he so ably and eloquently represented, to participate in these services to his memory.

How inadequately I take his place and how unfittingly can I render appropriate expression on this occasion no one is more conscious than I. To call myself his successor would be gross vanity. He was my predecessor. No living man could succeed him, could take his place in this greatest of public forums.

Student, scholar, orator, statesman, man. Other characterizations have been and may still be applied to him.

It has been given to few men to hold a forefront place on the public stage as long as he. Whether he loved the all-penetrating calcium of public life might well be questioned, because his biography demonstrates that time and again he sought to retire to the quietude of private life only to be called again into the public service for which he was so exceptionally adapted.

Student, scholar—no college or university tutored him. He was self-instructed. Privation and laborious concentration and determination were his stimuli. Those who knew him best—and it was only my privilege to know him intimately of recent years—will lay emphasis upon his faculties as a student and a scholar. Many there are who believe that as a conversationalist he reached his greatest heights. He was a veritable storehouse of history and the world's development and progress in science, in art, in economics, in literature. He was a linguist who had encircled the globe and absorbed the thoughts and aspirations of all peoples. He was the antithesis of a provincial. He detested physical or mental confinement.

Statesman! How begrudgingly does history give space to the achievements of the man in public life. The sculptor, the artist, the scientist, the litterateur leaves tangible, age-resisting evidence of his accomplishment. How few statesmen live in the memory of the next generation! To this unfair treatment by posterity the gentleman whose memory we all honor will stand out as an exception.

Orator! The word itself does not do him justice. God's endowments are many. BOURKE COCKRAN was singled out for especial preferment at the hands of the Creator. In human form he lacked nothing to cause his personality to immediately impress itself upon all within his presence. Half close our eyes and we can see him now on the public platform or in the rostrum of this House—his fine physique, his classic head, his abundant hair, the fascination of his eyes—leaning back against this desk, inviting debate that he might submerge it with the power of his repartee.

With a voice which is given to few men, BOURKE COCKRAN will long live in memory as a master orator. In the power of expression, no contemporary was his superior, few his peer.

His voice, now stilled, had resounded around the world. It had stirred multitudes. Listen! Do you hear it? The melody of Beethoven—the cadence of a cathedral organ—the sweet perfume of the rose in the flowers of his speech.

Gesture was his natural movement. Every movement of his body synchronized in perfect harmony with his voice. Those arms—those hands falling so gracefully and so expressively against his sturdy thighs.

Man! Is not this the consummation of all human attributes? With unbounded faith in his convictions, with inimitable power of voice and expression, he offended no man but welded his acquaintance into a great bond of friendship. Class or caste, party or race or creed did not confine those friends. The closest held opposite views on all or most of those subjects which so often set men off against one another. BOURKE COCKRAN was bigger than any dispute.

He was a fighter—a champion in the arena of politics, of thought of human affairs! But he knew how to wage his battles cleanly and fairly, so that his encounters and his victories left no sting.

Memories are the sweetest consolations of life. Without them existence would mean but the present transient moment. One year has passed since this great man, after 70 years of service, passed into the great beyond—passed as he had lived, a devout Christian. We exult in the memory of him. We treasure our recollection of him. We are sad because he was taken from us, but we fervently thank God for having given him to us.

Mr. MEAD. Mr. Speaker, DANIEL J. RIORDAN, at the time of his death the dean of the Democratic delegation in Congress from the State of New York, held the distinction of holding public office longer than most men are permitted to do.

Year after year he was returned to the House of Representatives by a constituency that loved and admired him. He had an unbroken record of a quarter of a century of public service. His greatest work as a Member of the House was done as a member of the most important Committee on Naval Affairs. In the trying days prior to the World War he labored unceasingly to make the American Navy ready for the tremendous task it was to accomplish, and when war finally broke upon us he aided in every possible way to uphold the glorious traditions of America's first arm of defense. When "DAN," as we all loved to call him, passed away the Navy suffered the loss of a true and steadfast friend.

Very well do I recall when first I came to Washington, after being elected a Member of the House in 1918, I called as a stranger at Representative RIORDAN's office. The warmth and friendliness with which he greeted me left its impress upon me. Setting aside his work he came with me to the House Chamber, where he introduced me to the Members and assured me of his eagerness to help and assist me in beginning my duties as a Member of Congress. Throughout the four years I enjoyed the pleasure of serving with him I could ever go to him for advice and inspiration, and he always, as was characteristic of him, enjoyed being helpful to those who were his friends. He lived in harmony with God's commandments, for his whole life was devoted to helpfulness and service.

Fitting, indeed, were the words of his spiritual adviser who was himself moved with great sorrow at the loss of a faithful parishioner and a devoted friend when at his solemn funeral exercises, in speaking of Representative RIORDAN, he said, among other things:

He visited the sick, fed the hungry, comforted the afflicted, and was charitable to those who met with adversity, and in doing so he carried out the corporal works of mercy until the hand of God touched him and his soul departed for its eternal reward.

Mr. Speaker, W. BOURKE COCKRAN was one of the most picturesque and striking and at the same time one of the most lovable characters in the public life of our time. His magnificent physical appearance and his superb intellectual accomplishments made him a fascinating and interesting personality. Always courteous and manly in debate, he commanded the respect and admiration of all, even those who may have differed with him on great public questions. History will record him among the greatest and most effective orators of his day and generation.

Of a deep religious nature, Representative COCKRAN's private life was at once an example and an inspiration to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance and friendship. He lived as one in constant preparation for the everlasting life. He worked as one who would live forever. His earthly remains are no more, but his great spirit still lives in the minds and hearts of the legion of friends who are better men and women because they knew him.

Mr. Speaker, JAMES VINCENT GANLY, who represented the twenty-fourth congressional district of New York in the House of Representatives, was born in the city of New York September 13, 1878, in which city he received his education. In 1907 he began his public career as a member of the New York State Legislature, and when Bronx County was created he became its first county clerk, serving in that office from 1914 until he was elected to Congress in 1918.

Coming to Congress the same year from New York State and being affiliated with the same political party, we became fast friends. I learned to admire his manly traits and to respect the integrity of his character. He assumed the responsibilities of his office with the fervor and devotion of a loyal and patriotic citizen. He worked faithfully and earnestly in the discharge of his official duties, and although serving but one term he more than proved his ability and gave promise of attaining greater heights in his official career. Shortly after his reelection in 1922 we were shocked to learn of his tragic death.

What a mysterious messenger death is! Striking at times in the evening of life when mortal man's mission here below seems completed, and again, as in the case of our departed colleague, Mr. GANLY, in the prime of life, at the very beginning of what gave every evidence of being a most useful and promising public service. But while death is harder to bear and more difficult to comprehend when it occurs at such an early period of one's existence, we must place our trust in our Heavenly Father, who knows and does that which is best. Into His care we commend the spirit of our departed friend.

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, it has been said that he who sets before his fellows an example of industry and upright honesty of purpose in life has a present as well as a future influence upon the well-being of his country, for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others and propagate good examples for all time to come. I wish to pay a brief tribute of affection and respect to such a man.

Hon. LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT, whose untimely death we all mourn, exemplified the admirable virtues which I have mentioned. A man may possess these noble attributes of character and yet be unapproachable and austere. Such was not the case with our departed colleague. Although quiet and unassuming, he was always kind, courteous, and deeply interested in those who came to him for help. I am one of those who was the recipient of his many acts of kindness.

I shall not attempt to touch upon those details of his early life which are better known to the good people whom he had the honor to represent. We first met when I entered Congress in 1918. This acquaintance soon ripened into an intimate personal friendship, which I shall always treasure.

There is no need for me to set forth his achievements in Congress, for these are a matter of public record. I know that the people of his congressional district held him in high esteem not only by reason of his distinguished public service but because of his unflinching kindness to them and sympathetic interest in them. It was his constant aim and joy to be of service to his district and to his friends. This was especially true with reference to the veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the World War. He was unremitting in his efforts in their behalf. I mention this because it reveals the kindly and sympathetic character of the man.

It is safe to say that thousands of those who believed in him and supported him politically will never know of the long hours which he devoted to the duties of his office. Whether or not the files of his office or the public records ever disclose fully the burden of business which he transacted, there are some of us who feel that he worked beyond his strength. The mental and physical strain to which he subjected himself in the faithful discharge of public duties was, no doubt, a contributing cause to his untimely and sudden death. His tireless work as a member of the Ways and Means Committee and the ability with which he performed each task assigned to him is best known to his colleagues who served with him. I believe that his associates will bear witness that there are few men in public life who have discharged their duties with more energy and with greater fidelity than did Congressman MOTT during the consideration of the recent tariff measure.

I believe that his unselfish devotion to duty has a present as well as a future value to his country; that his life and his character will be an inspiration to others; that his actions and his deeds will propagate good example throughout the years to come.

Hon. LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT has left to his bereaved family the rich heritage of a spotless record of conspicuous public service and a good name.

Mr. MACGREGOR. Mr. Speaker, what is life? What is the purpose of our existence? Whence came we and whither bound? These are mysteries unsolved. Our visions are limited, our strength but small. The Creator has implanted in our being aspirations and desires and ambitions. There is also within us a sense of immortality. We do not know, but believe that the passing from this life is not the end. We reason that there must be some divine purpose in our creation. Without this belief life would be bereft of its inspiration.

When we analyze success in life we find but one true basis, and that is "service." A man may achieve fame, he may amass the wealth of a Croesus, but if his life has not added to the advancement or happiness of mankind he has failed.

LUTHER MOTT's life was a success. The proof is that he was enshrined in the hearts of his friends and the people who knew him. He knew the people—he knew the man on the street, he knew the children, he knew the poor and the afflicted—they came to him with a knowledge that he was their companion and friend, in whom they could confide and from whom they could expect aid and assistance in time of need. They loved him. His life exemplified that beautiful poem of Sam Foss:

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl a cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope;
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
It's here the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise—foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Our colleague's spirit has passed to the great beyond but the sweetness of his life lingers with us—a pleasant memory and an encouragement to us toward greater service to our fellow man.

Mr. RAINEY. Mr. Speaker, it has not happened within my experience that in one service we have honored the memories of four Members of this body who came from the same State. I knew them all, but I knew best COCKRAN and RIORGAN. Their careers were strangely parallel in this life. They came both from the same racial stock. Their ancestors for many generations had lived in the same section of this world. They had been submitted to the same oppressions of government, and from long lines of ancestors they both inherited their theories of freedom. They both belonged to that governing organization which usually controls the affairs of the greatest city in the world. They both belonged to the same party, they were both devoted to the same ideas, and they both entertained the same ideals. They were both Members of this body at the same time; they both left their impress upon the legislation of the last 20 years. But in what a different way,

They were both courteous and quiet gentlemen. RIORDAN in his forceful, quiet way assisted in organizing those elements of his party here which were able to effect legislative changes. He possessed in a superlative degree those elements of human sympathy which made friends of all who knew him best. Of him it can be truly said that if everyone indebted to him for a kindly act should this afternoon drop a flower on his grave, he would rest to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

COCKRAN did not possess the same methods of accomplishing things. He depended for his force and influence in public life upon his ability as an orator, and among all the orators this country has produced in the last 100 years there are none of them greater than COCKRAN.

How many times has this great auditorium echoed to his eloquence. How many times have men on both sides of this Chamber been convinced by his arguments. Painting, sculpture, oratory—the greatest of these is oratory. The painter with his brush and his colors transfers his ideas of beauty and his ideals to canvas and you can take it with you and live with it and it grows on you as the hours and the days and the weeks pass, and finally you understand what he means. The sculptor chisels in marble his ideas and his ideals and you can look at it day after day, and finally understand all that he means when with his art he transfers to the cold marble the ideals for which he stood. But the orator must convey his impressions instantly to the brain of man. He appeals directly to the intellect of those who listen to him, and the impression he makes must always be an instantaneous impression. The orator develops instantly an approval and an enthusiasm greater than painter or sculptor can hope to accomplish. His triumph is the greatest of all.

I remember BOURKE COCKRAN as he stood on one occasion in this middle aisle down near the door delivering an address. He was interrupted from that side of the Chamber by one of the most accomplished debaters in the House, one of the most tactful orators on that side. He was questioned as to his belief and his affiliations in 1896 when the party to which he belonged divided on the issue of silver. He was asked why he left his party on this issue, and the reply came in convincing terms—that the issue for which he then stood appealed to him. Then there came a statement from the leader on that side of the Chamber to the effect that he understood that "it was profitable" for COCKRAN to make the speeches that he did.

That story had been told before throughout the country, and throughout the country there were men who believed it. Then there came the reply of COCKRAN. I can see him now as he left his position toward the rear of this aisle and marched with great strides down to the well of the House where I now stand, holding his clenched fist aloft and shouting out at each step he took, "False! False! False!"; and that was all there was to his denial. But no man who heard it that day ever again believed that story. Then I heard him on another occasion, standing where I stand now, define a gentleman. He described a man in New York City in lowly occupation, a hod carrier, whose ideas of service were so fine, whose methods of meeting his fellow workmen were so courteous, that he was always addressed by men with whom he worked and by his superiors as "Mr." In spite of his lowly occupation, they all by this tribute agreed that he possessed the qualities which constitute a gentleman. I knew RIORDAN and COCKRAN best. My contacts with both of them were many. In their death I experienced a strong sense of personal loss.

I like to think of life as a journey over a broad highway. We start out in the morning traveling over a road watered with last night's rains, and the journey is always upward. There are those who branch out from the main traveled highway and go along into untraveled paths on either side. These are the pioneers; and finally, if they are successful in what they undertake, the highway of life broadens out and takes in also the paths over which they have traveled.

A better and a wider highway is made for those who follow. As we go along there are places where the green ferns grow, and we ought to linger there, and RIORDAN and COCKRAN knew how to do that. As you travel along there are meadows where dreams come true, and RIORDAN and COCKRAN found them many times, and so have you. As you travel along there are fields where the four-leaf clovers grow; they are the prizes of this life, and RIORDAN and COCKRAN found them many times. As you journey along always upward there comes always the call of the crest, and when you reach it there is another ascent and another crest and another call, and so the travel is always upward until there comes a call at the last crest, and it comes always from the uttermost places that lie at the back of the sun. Some hear it early in life, some late in life when they

have had much of service back of them, as RIORDAN and COCKRAN had, but it comes sooner or later to all. It is the great adventure of this life. It has come to both of my friends. It came to them at the same time. They both at the same time slipped their anchors and sailed away over the unknown seas to an unknown shore, where at anchor lie the craft of those of their friends who have gone ahead of them.

Over their graves may the snows of winter lie light; over their graves may the winds of winter blow low; over their graves may the birds throughout the long summer days sing always their sweetest songs. Good night, kind friends, good night!

Mr. FAIRCHILD. Mr. Speaker, to-day with me is a day of real mourning, as we are assembled here in memorial services for four of our colleagues who have gone to the great beyond. Those among us who knew DANIEL J. RIORDAN the more intimately will speak of his splendid qualifications that endeared him to the memory of all who knew him. My closer acquaintance with my colleague and party associate, LUTHER W. MOTT; with my committee associate on the Foreign Affairs Committee, my lovable friend WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN; and my deep-seated regard for my three times opponent and good friend JAMES VINCENT GANLY, leads me in reference to them to express in a few words my feeling of personal loss. To each and all of the loved ones in homes made desolate our hearts go out in deepest sympathy.

My first acquaintance with LUTHER W. MOTT was at the commencement of the war Congress. I soon became impressed, as all who knew him were impressed, with his quiet, earnest, efficiency and his loyalty to his convictions. During the last Congress he was my close neighbor in the House Office Building, and I came to know him the more intimately and more and more to appreciate both his splendid qualifications and his kindly thoughtful feeling for others.

The whole world knows of the great brain, the mighty intellect of WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN. The world knows something of his great heart. It will always be a personal gratification to me that during the last Congress he and I served together on the same committee. It gave me an opportunity to know him the more intimately. I became more and more impressed with his brilliant intellect, but the closer acquaintance also gave me a more intimate realization of his great heart and love for humanity, which outshines, in the memory of those who knew him best, all of his other illustrious attributes.

To-day I feel like speaking more particularly of JAMES VINCENT GANLY. I met him first in the 1918 campaign, when he was my political opponent and defeated me in the election for Congress. I shall never forget when first we met and clasped hands during the early part of that campaign. Until that meeting I had heard of him only as my opponent. From the minute that I held his hand in mine and met him face to face I knew him as my friend. We went through three campaigns as political opponents, but as personal friends. He defeated me in 1918. I was the victor in 1920, but again surrendered the laurels to him in 1922. With the experience of three such campaigns I can speak with authority. He always fought fairly. Throughout three successive campaigns there was never an incident that left a feeling of rancor, and throughout three successive campaigns, with the battle lines fiercely drawn, our personal friendship for one another became closer and closer. When the news of his sudden death came to me last summer in a telegram which reached me in camp in the wilds of the high Sierras calling me home for another campaign I felt saddened with the sense of a personal loss. My heart responds in unison with my tongue when I pay here to-day a deserved tribute to the memory of one always loyal in his friendships and true to the cause he espoused. Everyone who knew him deeply regretted his death, but no one more than I.

Mr. LINDSAY. Mr. Speaker, BOURKE COCKRAN is gone. That splendid figure will grace our councils no more. The noble voice that pleased the ear no less than it convinced the mind is stilled forever. To hear BOURKE COCKRAN was to enjoy his great gift. The skill and charm of the orator were his indeed, but always was that gift expended with sincerity of belief in the matter under consideration. As a Member of Congress he lent distinction to the House of Representatives and rendered valuable service to his constituents and his State. New York City in particular admired him as her own, but BOURKE COCKRAN was known throughout the country for his devoted service to the cause which he espoused. This House pays deserved tribute publicly to his memory and unknown thousands mourn his passing.

Born in Ireland on February 28, 1854, he came to this country at the age of 17 and immediately gave himself without stint to his new allegiance. Like that brave patriot, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who signed the Declaration of Independence, **BOURKE COCKRAN**, born in Ireland, received his education in Ireland and in France. On arrival in the United States he became a teacher in a private academy and subsequently became principal of a public school in Westchester County, N. Y. Like many of our great statesmen, he studied law while teaching school, and was admitted to the bar in 1876, a brief five years after he landed on these shores of opportunity. Six years later, in 1882, he was appointed counsel to the sheriff of New York City, indicating his activities in public affairs and his aptitude for a public career. He served two terms as counsel to the sheriff and then was elected a Member of the House of Representatives in the Fiftieth Congress. His long record thereafter is too well known to need recounting. It is neither necessary nor desirable that I recount his many accomplishments, for this was a modest man.

Contemporary history records his contribution to society. Man is a frail vessel, and his allotted span is brief. His highest duty is to leave things a little better than he found them.

Measured by this standard, **BOURKE COCKRAN** lived a long and fruitful life. Into his 70 years he crowded the experiences of greatly changing times. During the seven decades in which he lived tremendous things have occurred. And always the voice of our friend was lifted in behalf of progress and understanding.

Though **BOURKE COCKRAN** has left us, his words remain to remind us of our trust and our duty. The memory of his faith, his loyalty to the things in which he believed, abide with us forever.

Mr. WARD of New York. **Mr. Speaker**, no Member of this House, either from the State of New York or from any other State of the Union, who knew **LUTHER W. MOTT** has failed to have felt a sense of personal loss in his absence from these legislative halls.

Leaves of the forest, responsive to the inexorable laws of nature, burst forth into greatest glory just before withering winter breathes icily upon them and sends them reeling to earth. So often fares the life of man. Just when he seems to have attained a period of greatest usefulness death, which is the ultimate common heritage of us all, steals forth unerringly to its goal, and, as a star twinkles and disappears in the gray of the dawn, so the life that once pulsed and throbbed, glows fitfully, grows cold, and is gathered to the eternal ages.

Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

The inevitable hand of death laid itself upon **LUTHER MOTT** before his life and service had blossomed into full fruition. Born in Oswego, N. Y., November 30, 1874, he had not yet reached the half-century mark in years. Comparatively he was yet a young man.

LUTHER MOTT had served in the Legislature of the State of New York and was in his thirteenth year of service in this body. As chairman of the New York State Republican delegation, he ranked as a party leader. As a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, he had the respect of his colleagues. On the floor of this House he was held in highest esteem.

His untimely death, unexpected as it was, shocked and grieved me. I always found him kindly and affable, sincere and sympathetic, considerate and courteous, and I am glad for the opportunity of paying tribute to his memory. This House was honored and dignified by his presence. The great State of New York is better because of his service. The community in which he lived profited in him as its representative.

During my melancholy privilege of attending his funeral last July I saw first-hand an abundance of evidence in testimony to the honor and reverence of his immediate fellow citizens. It was deeply impressed upon me that though these mourners must turn away from the mound marking his eternal resting place, there would be no turning away from his memory, enshrined forever in the hearts and minds of those who knew and loved him best.

In accordance as men serve, so they live on and never die. **LUTHER MOTT**, colleague and friend, served well and faithfully, and we gather to-day not with misty eyes or weary hearts to dwell upon the sorrow of his passing. Rather, accepting this resignedly as part of the Divine order of things, we rejoice that **LUTHER MOTT** lived.

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Mr. O'CONNELL of New York. **Mr. Speaker**, at the request of the distinguished gentleman from Ohio [**Mr. BURTON**] I present the following for insertion in the RECORD:

Memorial resolution upon the death of Hon. **WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN** adopted by the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives.

The members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs have heard with the deepest sorrow of the sudden death of Hon. **WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN**.

His association with the committee has left a lasting impression because of his remarkable knowledge of general history and his keen discernment of international policies and relations, coupled with an exalted sense of public duty and untiring industry worthy of the highest standards of legislative activity and of statesmanship.

His geniality and helpfulness were so constantly manifested that each member of the committee mourns his death as a personal loss.

For 40 years he maintained an unsurpassed position among orators of the English-speaking tongue. His eloquence and readiness in debate on manifold occasions, both in the Old World and the New, have given him a distinctive place among the public speakers of our time.

The eminence of his public service has made his name an inspiration and a permanent heritage for the country which he loved so well.

With a profound appreciation of their own loss and that of his constituency and the Nation, the members of the committee, by formal resolution unanimously adopt this memorial and convey to the bereaved wife of **Mr. COCKRAN** their utmost heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. DEMPSEY. **Mr. Speaker**, eight years ago I came to the House of Representatives and found **LUTHER W. MOTT** here with a service of four years. After a brief time I became more closely associated with him than any of his other colleagues. I knew, as Congressman **SNELL** has told you, that he came of good stock on both sides. I knew that he had graduated from that great university, Harvard, and that he had had a splendid preparation for public life. I knew that in his initial contest he had met one of the ablest men in our State, Hon. **Elon F. Brown**, a man much older, well known, and of rare ability as a debater, and I knew that **Mr. MOTT**, much younger, had defeated him. I knew that there was no man who was stronger with his constituents in all this body than was **LUTHER W. MOTT**, and on the surface it was hard to reconcile these known facts with **Mr. MOTT**'s personality. He was small and not impressive in appearance. He had an unobtrusive, quiet manner. He had the misfortune of being partially deaf so that he was unable to wholly regulate by ear the volume of his own voice, and often would speak so low that the listener would be obliged to have him repeat what he had said. He rarely spoke on the floor of this House. He was not a figure in the House debates, and the question often arose how one could reconcile these things with the fact of his being so remarkably strong a figure with his constituents and in all northern New York. It was not at all difficult when you came to know **Mr. MOTT** and his character to reconcile these superficial contradictions, to see why he was a great force in politics, a leader among men, and to realize that his very marked success in spite of his drawbacks proved more clearly his great ability.

I remember very well walking one morning with Uncle Joe Cannon from the Army and Navy Club to the House. I asked **Mr. Cannon** whom in all of the long service he had in the House he regarded as the ablest debater? He told me who the man was, and said that he had seen him repeatedly make remarkable speeches, replete with quotations, logical, convincing, eloquent, without opportunity of preparation, and then I remember how Uncle Joe finished the description of that man by condemning him because he had no moral courage whatever. **Mr. Cannon** said that he would sink away into the cloakroom after having led his party in a remarkable debate and avoid voting. **Mr. MOTT** had two rare qualities. One was remarkable foresight and the other was undaunted courage. Let me illustrate this by two instances. Those of us who came to serve with **Mr. MOTT**, as I did, long after he had espoused woman suffrage, had the impression that he was an advocate of that cause because his wife warmly espoused it and to please her. I imbibed that opinion, as did my friends, and one day when **Mr. MOTT** and I were walking down town he said to me, "**WALLACE**, I do not believe that you know the history of my association with woman suffrage. In the first parade in the city of Washington for woman suffrage just two men marched. The day before the march my wife came to me and said, '**LUTHER**, I always leave you to manage your political matters, but this is not simply a political matter, this is a social matter as well, and I am going to ask you as a favor to me not to

march in that parade to-morrow.' I said to her, 'You are absolutely wrong, and I am going to march,' and march he did.

It was a fair and good illustration of his general characteristics. He could foresee that woman suffrage was bound to come long in advance of the generality of men who were devoting their time to politics, and he had the courage to espouse the cause when other men were afraid to advocate it. Take another public question. There was no earlier advocate, no more earnest supporter of prohibition in the United States than LUTHER MOTT in season and out of season. Throughout his district and wherever he had any influence he worked valiantly for the cause. Now, there are no two characteristics in public men more admirable or as valuable as courage and foresight, and those two illustrations, which could be multiplied, give the secret and the reason of MOTT's wonderful strength among his people and among those who knew him best. He had one other characteristic. MOTT was a man faithful and devoted to his friends. He loved politics. He loved public life. He had no other interest in life aside from his family and his social activities. He did not care for business; he loved to devote 24 hours every day to politics and public affairs, and he loved to work in that field in association with friends. Why, no man acquires friends except the man who is able to devote himself to the interests of his friends and to give them help and inspire them in their work, and MOTT had that quality in a superlative degree.

One who was his friend never had to go to him and ask him to do things, never had to go and ask what his position was in that which concerned his friend. He knew that MOTT would be for him and with him and do unsparingly, ungrudgingly, and untiringly all one friend could do for another. His home life, his family life, was ideal. His wife and he were devoted to one another. They worked together in the most admirable companionship. She is a college woman, with a splendid mind, and she entered whole-heartedly into all of her husband's plans and struggles. He had a splendid family of children of whom he was entitled to be proud. MOTT left a very distinguished mark in all northern New York. There was no one in all that wide expanse of country who did not believe he could accomplish results in Washington, and that he could accomplish results is evidenced in two ways. First, all over the State of New York those who were interested in the present tariff, when that bill was under consideration, came to MOTT with their tariff problems. He worked untiringly on their questions. He studied so that he understood what they ought to have, and through his efforts they secured much of what ought to have been provided for them in the bill. He had a long and hard fight to become a member of the Ways and Means Committee. It was contended by those opposing him that some one should be made a member of the committee who could come on this floor and debate tariff schedules and tariff issues, and that it was not sufficient simply to have a man who was able to sit in committee and do his work well there, but in spite of the fact that it was concededly true that he could not come here and debate because of his infirmity of hearing, MOTT, after a long struggle, after a long debate in his own delegation, went on the committee triumphantly and unanimously. Mr. MOTT will be long mourned by his multitude of friends, among whom you can include all of his constituents, all of northern New York, as well as those who bore personal relations to him. He rendered a marked and valuable public servant and made a mark upon his time.

MR. KINDRED. Mr. Speaker, my colleagues have to-day paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Hon. W. BOURKE COCKRAN, to the Hon. LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT, and the Hon. JAMES VINCENT GANLY, late Representatives from the State of New York.

I will confine my brief eulogy to the life and services of the Hon. DANIEL J. RIORDAN, with whom I had many years of very delightful acquaintance.

It is well that we, in life, should, in the midst of life's activities, pause to sacredly observe an occasion like this and to drop a flower and a tear in memory of our departed friend. In the exercise of this high but sad duty we not only confer some measure of honor upon him who has gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns" to greet us again on this material earth, but we at the same time cultivate our own conceptions and understanding regarding the highest of things—that is, what we call life here and life hereafter. We ourselves profit in thus meditating upon the virtues and even the failings of the lives of those who have left us and in cherishing the sublime philosophy leading us to an abiding faith in immortality of the soul.

It is peculiarly fitting, then, that we to-day gather here to memorialize the life and character of one of our most worthy colleagues, DANIEL J. RIORDAN, the late Representative from the eleventh congressional district of New York, who served as a Member of this House with honor and distinction from the date of his election to the Fifty-sixth Congress to the time of his death, with the exception of the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Congresses.

DANIEL J. RIORDAN was born in New York City in 1870. He died after the severe strain incident to his arduous congressional duties at Washington, D. C., on April 28, 1923.

He attended the district schools of his native city until 1886, when he entered Manhattan College, and was graduated in 1890, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts. He then became a partner in the real estate business conducted by his father. In 1902 he was elected to the New York State Senate as a Democrat. He was reelected State senator in 1904, and on his election was appointed a member of the committees on insurance, forest, fish, and game, and military affairs. In the latter part of 1905 he was appointed a member of the famous special insurance investigating committee. He was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress and to the Fifty-ninth Congress to serve out the unexpired term of Timothy D. Sullivan, resigned, and to the Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, Sixty-sixth, and Sixty-seventh Congresses, and reelected to the Sixty-eighth Congress.

His course and record as a Member of the House and as an active member of the important Committees on Rules and Naval Affairs and other committees were such as to win for him the approval and friendship of his fellow Members and of his constituents, whom he always faithfully and industriously represented.

We come now to consider him in his more intimate and personal relations. Like so many others of the Irish-American race, from which he sprang, his was a choice, lovable, and true spirit, shining out most to those who knew him best. We all remember his quiet, quaint humor. It was my good fortune to have known him, as already stated, for many years. He was always a loyal friend, always sympathetic, a reliable guide, and one of the broadest, most liberal minded men I ever knew. His was a helpful, hopeful life, shedding its luster of generous, cheerful helpfulness upon all with whom he came in contact. He was free from affectation; a constructive, good citizen and neighbor; a patriotic, patient, consistent worker for the upbuilding of his city, his State, and his country; but above all these were those still nobler qualities as a family man, a faithful and devoted husband and father.

I along with many other Members of Congress attended his funeral ceremonies at St. James Church, New York City, and was profoundly impressed by the sincere evidences of genuine sorrow, love, and respect manifested by the vast throng who gathered there to honor him on that solemn occasion, representing, as they did, every phase of religious, political, and social life of the great metropolitan city in whose life he played a useful and important part, both as a private citizen and public official.

A man of DANIEL J. RIORDAN's life and character still lives; such men do not die.

For—

There is no death; the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.
There is no death; an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.
Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
In all, in everything, the same,
Except in grief and pain.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe is life;
There are no dead.

MR. CROWTHER. Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, I shall be very brief at this time. LUTHER W. MOTT was a very close personal friend of mine. He was a member of the committee of which I have the privilege of now being a member, and my association with him in relation to the necessities of the particular territory in which I live showed me conclusively that he had the interest not only of his particular constituency at heart but of all the people of this great Nation. If there is one thing to be gained or to be developed from

these memorial exercises, so many of which we have been compelled within a brief time to hold, it is the inspiration gained from the record of the distinguished Members who have passed to the great beyond. It was not my privilege to know the Hon. **BOURKE COCKRAN** intimately. **DAN RIORDAN** I knew very well, and at one time I had an office in the territory where his constituents lived. I know something of the love that his constituents had for him. The Hon. **JAMES VINCENT GANLY** I did not have the pleasure of knowing personally, but Mr. **MOTT**, as I have said, was my personal friend. He was a student at Harvard College, taking a scholastic course in 1896, when I attended one of the professional schools and graduated two years later. So we had the bond of union as graduates belonging to the same alumnus.

There is a great deal of talk in this day and generation regarding efficiency, and that leads, of course, to better service, but if there ever was an efficient servant of his constituency it was **LUTHER W. MOTT**. **MOTT** was not an orator, as my colleague from New York [Mr. **DEMPSY**] has stated, but he was in close touch with the needs of the home folks. He was a real friend. Somebody very aptly described a friend as one who knows all about you and still likes you, and that is a very expressive definition, if you will take the time to analyze it. So **MOTT** knew pretty well about me, and I knew very well about him, and we liked each other and kept up our friendship that had extended over some period of years. He was a helpful Member of the House, helpful not only to his constituents but helpful to his fellow colleagues. He was friendly to a degree, and you did not have to go and ask him if there was anything that appeared to him that would be helpful to you in your territory. If there was something; a clipping from a newspaper, if there was a thought in an editorial, if there was a news item that had any bearing, he was most anxious to go to you and help you if he possibly could. And right at the midst of his strength and his power politically he was taken from us. I was in the far West last summer when the news of his death reached me.

Our families had been acquainted, and those of you who knew of the splendid culture and refinement of his wife and his children must have realized what happiness it was to him to live, and what sorrow it was for them to lose a loved husband and father at that time. It was impossible for me to come home in time to attend the funeral services, which was a matter of great regret to me.

Many times I had occasion to call on him for services that had been asked of me by people in my own territory, and I always found him willing to serve, willing to give his advice and give me the benefit of his judgment on matters that he had some six or eight years' experience with before it was my privilege to sit with him in this House.

I hope that at some time the House in its wisdom will see fit to make these memorial services an annual affair, that we may mourn or rejoice, as my colleague, Mr. **MADDEN**, said he came to rejoice—and I agree with him that it is no day of mourning—that we may come here to rejoice that we knew them, served with them, and appreciated their accomplishments.

I had the temerity to differ with the political philosophy of that great orator on that side, the late lamented **W. BOURKE COCKRAN**, but I never permitted my prejudices to interfere with the enjoyment of his cultured, scholastic expressions. So I hope that some day the House in its wisdom will make these services an annual affair that we may have an orator of the day, the well of the House filled with beautiful palms and banks of flowers, the Clerk of the House reading the roll of the honored dead, with galleries well filled with the friends and loved ones of those who have taken the long journey, and thus pay a real tribute to those illustrious men, those resourceful, masterly, able men that devote years of their lives to the public service. Of course, the end of it all is the grave. The Arabs have a saying that "Death is a camel that kneels before every man's tent," and sooner or later comes the white messenger, and none may say him nay. We must all take that great journey.

The men with whom we associate in our daily labors sometimes forget during the life period to say the kind things and do the helpful things that will make life better and happier for men with whom we journey down the road.

You know the opportunity to do that is so often just at our elbows that we neglect it, and we think that way off yonder, somewhere, somewhere in the future, there will be the opportunity to do the things we have forgotten to do while our brother, our neighbor, and colleague walked down with us on the daily journey of life. Our duty lies here, our opportunity to express kindness, to do the kindly thing, to do the helpful thing is here on this green sward and not way over yonder somewhere, where we are always going to do it to-morrow. To-

morrow is 3,000,000 miles northeast of nowhere, and that is the reason we never accomplish anything that we are going to do to-morrow. Now is the time. If I can express my thought, I will do so in these few closing lines:

A parish priest of great austerity
Climbed high in his church steeple
That he might be near to God
And bring God's word down to his people.

So on sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought came from heaven
And dropped it down on his people's heads
Two times each day in seven.

In His time God cried, "Come down and die,"
And the priest from out the steeple
Cried, "Where art Thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied, "Down here among the people."

Mr. **GRIFFIN**. Mr. Speaker, may I ask if there are any other Members on your list who are delegated to speak on our late colleagues, Mr. **COCKRAN**, Mr. **RIORDAN**, and Mr. **MOTT**?

The **SPEAKER** pro tempore. There is one more.

Mr. **GRIFFIN**. It is now half past 5. The arrangements for the joint memorial were made with a very laudable intention, and I do not at all reflect upon that idea. But we have evidently overshot our mark. We have taken off more than we can chew. I concur very fully with all that has been said in tribute to the splendid characteristics of Mr. **COCKRAN**, Mr. **RIORDAN**, and Mr. **MOTT**, but I was requested to prepare and did prepare an address paying a slight tribute to Mr. **JAMES VINCENT GANLY**, my late colleague from the Bronx. His friends were invited here to-day to attend these services. They came. Twice during the services I was called out to answer the inquiry as to when Mr. **GANLY**'s part of the ceremony would begin, as they had to return to New York on the 5 o'clock train. I was sorry that I could not give them any information. It seems to me in all justice to the memory of Mr. **GANLY** and to the Bronx, no mean borough, and to the great district which sent him here twice, we ought to have memorial exercises for Mr. **GANLY** alone, and I now move that next Sunday, May 11, at 3 o'clock be set apart for the purpose of holding memorial services in honor of **JAMES VINCENT GANLY**, a former Member of this House.

The **SPEAKER** pro tempore. The Chair hopes that the gentleman will not insist upon putting that motion at this time. If the point of no quorum should be made, the Chair could not put the motion.

Mr. **GRIFFIN**. I am sorry, Mr. Speaker, but I must insist upon the motion being recorded. I can not withdraw it.

Mr. **DEMPSY**. Would it not be well to withhold the motion and to take up the matter during the week and see what is best to do about it?

Mr. **GRIFFIN**. I am advised, Mr. Speaker, by my colleague from Tennessee [Mr. **GARRETT**] that the order designating a day for memorial services provides that no other business shall take place on that day, and, of course, that being true, my motion would not be in order, and I withdraw it, but hope that I may have the cooperation of my colleagues in forwarding a motion to set aside next Sunday for exclusive memorial exercises for Mr. **GANLY**.

Mr. **O'BRIEN**. Mr. Speaker, "the good that men do lives after them." If we may paraphrase this sentiment of the Bard of Avon, we may apply it with emphasis to him whom we memorialize to-day.

It would be a trite statement to say that a great man has passed from amongst us. The word "great" at times has little or no particular meaning; it is often misused; sometimes it is a victim of indiscriminate use; but when we recall the words and accomplishments of **BOURKE COCKRAN**, when we consider the story of his life, his ability, his devotion to principle, his loyalty to the land of his adoption, the one word "great" must appropriately be applied to his career. There is no question but what he helped to make this world a better place in which to live by reason of his existence here, and it can not be gainsaid that his life redounded to the benefit of humanity in general and to his own community in particular.

While we assemble here to do him honor, indirectly we do honor to ourselves, because upon us is reflected by association the glory that is attached to his day and generation. The life of **BOURKE COCKRAN** is so interwoven with the fabric of our country that the success of one adds to the renown of the other.

When he came here no blaring of trumpets or martial music announced his approach. He came, the scion of a sturdy,

vigorous race, with the greatest assets that a man can possess, a healthy mind in a healthy body; and after becoming imbued with the spirit of citizenship, a determination to do his share in perpetuating American principles and American institutions. At that time our country was emerging from the long struggle of fraternal strife, and from that period his personal achievements kept pace with the progress and growth of our Republic.

Endowed with great natural, physical attributes and a mind such as is the fortune of few men to possess, we find him engaged as a dispenser of knowledge to the young, as a student himself, and as a lawyer. With every favorable requisite it was only natural that the people of that day should find him proclaiming and advocating those political principles which he espoused as a matter of conviction and which were an inspiration to those who came within the magic spell of his eloquence.

Much has been said and written about his ability as an orator. For ages to come his will be the standard by which men of similar genius will be judged. In all the history of the world no man has surpassed and but few have equaled him. From ancient times we learn of the fame of Demosthenes by reason of his speech on The Crown. Cicero's name endures because of his denunciation of "Cataline." Edmund Burke survives through his Speech on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. The reputation of our own Daniel Webster is secure because of his Reply to Hayne. **BOURKE COCKRAN** will live because of the uniform perfection of his speeches in knowledge of his subject, o'er-mastering logic, dominant personality, and the power of delivery that thrilled his auditors.

As an orator in his day he stood in solitary grandeur, like some snowcapped lofty mountain peak overlooking the valley.

It may be said that nothing became him more fittingly in life than the circumstance of his leaving it. We can well recall how at the close of that winter's day after a typical perfrigid display of oratory he retired to his seat with the plaudits of his colleagues resounding throughout this Chamber and how within a few hours word came that **BOURKE COCKRAN** was dead. Unwittingly he had drawn more heavily on his physical reserve than he knew and nature could no longer withstand the strain which could easily have been borne at an earlier day. It may be said of him, for his country he lived, for his country he died, and that to it he gave the last full measure of devotion.

But his reputation is not limited to his ability as an orator. He was a fully rounded man. He was the result of that system of education which may be defined as the development of all the faculties so as to produce the perfect man, as far as anything human may be called perfect. He detested to an exceptional degree sham and hypocrisy. He was a broad-minded man and treated with respect the opinions of those who disagreed with him. His voice was always raised against tyranny, either physical or political. Though placing the welfare of this country above every other material consideration, it was but natural that he should retain a deep affection for the land of his birth, and no son of Erin ever strove more earnestly that Emmet's Epitaph might be written. He was a kindly, affable, courteous, and approachable man, always willing to contribute from his vast storehouse of knowledge to the enlightenment or benefit of a friend or colleague. His benefactions were many, but made without display or ostentation. His disposition was a most cheerful one, for, despite the terrible upheaval of the set order of things due to the Great War, he believed that relatively this world was the best that could be fashioned by a Deity for man's use and enjoyment.

His personal tastes were many and varied. Athletic activities appealed to him as did a painting, a song, a piece of sculpture, or a tapestry. His home life was the gauge by which the Nation's domestic bliss and faithfulness might be measured. His daily life was a sermon as powerful as any ever preached from a pulpit. If there be, and we most potently believe there is, a state of eternal happiness to which the souls of the just wing their flight, we may take the assurance unalloyed with presumption that **BOURKE COCKRAN** now enjoys that blessedness that comes as a reward of duty faithfully performed.

We repeat, a great one has passed from amongst us and with one acclaim we say—

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

Mr. COLE of Iowa. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, my time on this memorial program is brief and my part is a minor one. Others who knew him better and longer than

I did must write his biography and bestow the eulogies that we owe to our distinguished dead. I am here simply to pay a tribute and to express an appreciation of one whom we all admired and loved, **W. BOURKE COCKRAN**, orator and statesman.

It was my privilege to serve with him for a short time on the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives. It is in the committee rooms rather than on the floor that we learn to know each other intimately. There we gather as around a family table to express our views and to harmonize our differences so far as we can in the service of the Nation.

In our committee room we were always conscious of the power of the personality of Mr. **COCKRAN**. His manners were charming and his speech was illuminating. Well read in all things that pertained to foreign affairs and widely traveled, he spoke as one having authority—the authority of knowledge adorned in the grace of fluent words summoned with precision and used with effectiveness out of the vast vocabulary which he had at his command.

He knew the great capitals of the world from intimate observations. He had read their traditions and their histories. He knew the policies and the politics of the nations they served. He might have been a world diplomat or a world historian.

But it was as an orator that Mr. **COCKRAN** was supreme. As such he leaped into national fame in a historic party crisis. The orator, like the soldier, is always the product of some crisis in which he is able to assert his powers and his leadership. As an orator he often used finesse, the skill of the reasoner, and the dexterity of one accustomed to persuade others, but more often he poured out through his words in irresistible torrents his own overwhelming personality. The tremendous volume of his words was almost bewildering. He piled word on word and sentence on sentence like Pelion on Ossa in the poet's figure of speech until he reached his climax, holding his auditors spellbound.

He often reminded one of Edmund Burke and of Lord Macaulay, those lofty masters of English grandiloquence. Upon the conclusion of one of his speeches I recalled those masters. He at once admitted their influence upon himself, adding the observation that while style was always something innate, it was still susceptible of culture. In that brief conversation I learned how deeply and how widely read he was, and how susceptible to all erudite and artistic influences. But to all his preparedness he gave the spontaneity of his own abounding personality.

My first contact with Mr. **COCKRAN** dates back to 1896, at a time when he had broken with his party on a great financial issue. He passed through Iowa, where I was then the associate editor of the most potential newspaper, giving voice to his most profound convictions. I interviewed him personally, and I sat spellbound under his oratory—and the spell of that eloquence remained with me through the last speech which I heard him deliver in the House of Representatives on the eve of his sad and sudden death.

It is well and fitting that we remember the dead and that we pay to them these tributes. We who are among the living need the dead more than those who are among the dead need us. We can not help them so much as they can help us. Their example can ennoble our lives and their recorded and remembered thoughts can make us wiser.

Education and civilization are not wrought out of the thoughts that each generation can think for itself or out of the things that each generation can do for itself. Oh, no; they are the accretions and the accumulations of all the thoughts and all the deeds that remain to us from all the generations which have preceded us. If we did not have the heritage of the dead, we would be like children wandering and wondering in a beautiful garden whose vast and varied resources we could neither comprehend nor use.

It is what the dead have left us that makes us rich and wise and useful and good in this world, and therefore it is well that we bow our heads in their invisible presence and pay our tributes to them as to our benefactors.

Mr. FREAR. Mr. Speaker, we speak a common language here to-day. The sounds of debate and of party strife are stilled as we pause to commemorate in feeble words the lives and records of those who were with us yesterday.

I knew **LUTHER MOTT**. He sat next to me on the great Ways and Means Committee for several years. Quiet, modest, sincere, evenly poised, and always friendly, he served his State and country with high purpose and ability. What more can be said in praise of any man? Signally honored by the presidency of the Bankers' Association of his own State in recent years, chairman of the congressional delegation of that

great State, he maintained the dignity of his position and the confidence of his associates in this House to the end.

For years I occupied an office close to another strong member of the New York delegation, DAN RIORDAN. His quaint humor, capacity, frankness, understanding of men and human sympathy were known to all his colleagues, and these qualities given him by an all-wise Creator were marked advantages with which RIORDAN met his duties here and overcome many obstacles in the battle of life.

Each, in his way, had some attribute that helped fit into the scheme of life to attain success, and the employment of such talents is demanded from all those who would succeed. LUTHER MOTT and DAN RIORDAN were taken away before their allotted time, and each left friends without number who can not comprehend the inscrutable ways of the Infinite or why our colleagues are gone and we are left to carry on.

The problem of life is never more hard to understand than by those privileged to participate, however humbly, in the activities of this great legislative body and who witness the constant dropping off of the changing pilots without notice, while the ship of state moves on her even course.

The good which men do lives after them, never more certainly than under the dome of the Nation's Capitol. However much we may differ politically or fundamentally in individual methods or in our belief or reasoning, we soon learn here the value of mutual counsel and helpful advice. So, too, we soon recognize the high standards and legislative ideals of our colleagues and the influence of those who in past history have made this Hall famous. Every arch, every niche, every great window that admits the God-given light from above has echoed and reechoed with the voices of America's great statesmen who once stood where we stand to-day—voices now stilled—of those who have joined the innumerable throng.

Few, if any there be, of men long in public place of this generation whose knowledge of history, persuasive eloquence, strength of expression, and broad statesmanship surpassed these recognized talents found in BOURKE COCKRAN.

It was a privilege to know him and to counsel with him. Words of warning from his lips have been sounded again and again in this Hall during recent years, warnings that the fundamental rights and parliamentary privileges, dear to popular government and necessary to wise legislation, should not be infringed upon or forgotten. This House must function legislatively, he declared repeatedly on this floor. Our self-respect as legislators and safety of constitutional government must not depart from the standards set by our forefathers if we would retain the privileges and rights placed by them in our hands.

To BOURKE COCKRAN more than to any other one man I am personally indebted for advice that found fruition in a liberalization of rules and change in practices invoked by a majority of the House that ever occurs when parliamentary principles are encroached upon. COCKRAN demanded constructive laws should be here framed that would reflect the will of the people under the same wise, liberal procedure that governs every other great parliamentary body in the world. His plea for the supremacy of the legislative body over the encroachments of its own agencies and his championship of the widest and fullest rights of debate will be long remembered. With these sound principles of democratic government he was in sympathy and his powerful influence was devoted to its strict maintenance.

No other testimonial to broad statesmanlike comprehension of fundamentals of government will overshadow comprehension of this service given to the country by BOURKE COCKRAN, and it is a tribute to his memory that every man might well hope to deserve in some small degree for his own.

It knows no creed, no politics, no partisanship, but is founded on a deep love of country and of firmly fixed ideals that COCKRAN possessed.

In these brief, halting words of appreciation for our distinguished colleagues whose memory we this day honor I believe I express the common judgment of all who knew them.

The world goes on without marked incident whether we stay or go, and in that is a lesson for all of us that the greatest reward for service, if reward is deserved, comes from the right use of talents, however small or great, talents given us by the Creator. That is the brief tribute I am privileged to offer to the memory of our deceased colleagues who in this Hall represented their constituents of the great Empire State faithfully and the people of this country so long and well.

MR. DICKSTEIN. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, the death of Hon. BOURKE COCKRAN has been a great loss to this House, to his party, and to the American people. The name of BOURKE COCKRAN has sounded in the ears of the American public for many years. I personally became acquainted with

the distinguished statesman about 10 years ago and had occasion to be with him at various functions, both politically and socially. During all of my personal acquaintance with him I had every admiration for his ability, his position on public questions, his manner of delivery, and his presentation of debates, which were of the highest thought and study of the subjects. Listening to him just once would convince and impress any fair-minded American of his sincerity of the subject he was discussing and of his great desire to do the right thing for the people of this glorious country. He has proven that in the many debates on the floor of this House time after time. Though I was not a Member of Congress when BOURKE COCKRAN served in this body, I followed his career through the usual channels, and my opinion, respect, and admiration strengthened as time went on. I admired him as a man, as a statesman, and as an orator. His sudden and untimely death was a great shock to the State of New York and, no doubt, to every Member of this House who then served with him. A few days before his death he delivered a speech on the floor of this House which could be put in manuscript and you would enjoy his delivery and picture BOURKE COCKRAN just by reading his address. The country has lost a great man, and the people of the State he represented will always remember the man of the hour, the man of the people, the real American, BOURKE COCKRAN.

DANIEL J. RIORDAN

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, the untimely death of the Hon. DANIEL J. RIORDAN, a former Member of this House, no doubt has shocked his colleagues with whom he had associated for many years and it surely had the same effect on his constituents in his district in the city of New York. His long services in this House and his keen and fatherly interest which he took in the new Members as they came and went, that of itself was a monument to his name which he left behind. He spent hard and continuous hours in his labors as a Member of this important body, particularly during the war period, which was the outstanding feature of his career. His cooperation and unceasing efforts to carry out the policy of Woodrow Wilson, our late President, was 100 per cent, thereby insuring our United States safety of democracy and everlasting peace. It was because of that unceasing continuous work, depriving himself of the recreation which is necessary for the human body, and as a result of this continuous session his physical condition became so weakened that the machinery of his system could not withstand the attack which resulted in his untimely death. I have known him for over 20 years. During that time I had occasion to meet him at least once a week, and I grew to respect him more and more for his understanding and for his love of the common people, for his aid and assistance not only to his own constituents but to the constituents of the neighboring districts and throughout the State of New York. I had the opportunity to observe him because the eleventh congressional district, which he represented, adjoins my own, the twelfth congressional district.

He was the talk of his constituents and the people of this city for the kind deeds which he had shown to the helpless and defenseless women and children. His word was his bond; his word was his promise. The people looked upon him as one of their own people. He was not called DANIEL J. RIORDAN. We called him "DAN," and he liked it.

He guided me during the same year which he ran, namely, 1922, and it was successful guidance. His knowledge of conditions was thorough. We lost a great man who has not only been respected by the communities but by the Members of Congress—Senate and House—whether they be Republicans or Democrats. He left behind him a good name, and when we think of the deceased we think about his wonderful characteristics, his qualities, his principles, his manner and talk, his kindness, and everything which goes to make up a great man.

I personally feel his loss because I was so intimately acquainted with him. I have no doubt there are thousands like me, and all I can say, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, is that I shall always remember him just as if he were always alive.

His wife lost a great husband, his children lost a great and good father, and the people lost a great friend.

MR. BOYLAN. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, we are assembled here to-day to pay the last tribute to four distinguished sons of New York, who but a few days ago were living Members of this distinguished House—W. BOURKE COCKRAN, DANIEL J. RIORDAN, LUTHER W. MOTT, and JAMES V. GANLY.

On account of my personal associations, of many years standing, with DANIEL J. RIORDAN I will speak especially of his life and work.

DANIEL J. RIORDAN was a man's man. During a friendship of over 20 years I grew to know, to admire, and to respect him. His was a friendship not of an evanescent or passing kind that vanished with the years; his friendship was of an enduring character, a type that grew stronger and wore better during the passing of the years.

At an early period in his life marked adaptability for public service was recognized by his friends and neighbors. It naturally followed that he was selected by them to represent the district in the legislative halls of Albany. Working there with such distinguished Americans as Grover Cleveland, David B. Hill, Theodore Roosevelt, and others, he acquired a knowledge of State politics second to none.

After several years of exceptional service to his people at the State Capital at Albany, he was singled out to be the recipient of greater honors in representing his people at the National Capital.

He came to the city of Washington, and on account of his early training in State matters he rapidly acquired a knowledge of national affairs.

Through an earnest desire to be helpful to his people and the Nation, he devoted himself to the careful, particular, and detailed study of the legislative and departmental activities of government.

He soon became known as an expert in these matters, and many members consulted him relative to the procedure to be followed to successfully pass their legislation.

No service was requested of him that he did not perform. No call was ever made on him to which he did not respond. He gave all that was in him to the successful termination of the matter in hand. His heart was ever open to the appeal of the disabled veteran, the widow, the dependent mother or father, or the orphan. No matter was too small nor too great in which to enlist his help and assistance.

He has left behind human memorials. The men, the women, and the children whom he has helped are humanity's memorial to him. Although he has passed on, his example shall ever live in the memory and in the hearts of those who knew him; and in speaking of him we can, with all sincerity, say that he was one of those men whose life and creed is best expressed by the words of the poet:

I do not fear to tread the path that those I love have
long since trod.
I do not fear to pass the gates and stand before the
living God.
In this world's fight I've done my part, and God is God,
He knows it well.

Mr. WELLER. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to record a personal word to the Members of this House upon the life and services of that distinguished statesman who came to Congress from the State of New York and who dedicated his life to the upbuilding and perpetuation of American institutions—the late WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN.

When Mr. COCKRAN was called to his great reward he represented a district in the heart of the city of New York consisting of all types and classes of people, the rich and the humble. His energies and attentions were directed in expounding and protecting the cause of pure democracy. He cherished the safeguards and the rights of the people. His work in Congress made us think of him as one of the noble senators of ancient Rome, conservative, thoughtful, and persuasive in debate.

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN was born in Sligo, Ireland. In his youth he was taken to France and there received his early education, coming to the United States when he was 17 years of age. His tall commanding height, his large leonine-shaped head, his classical features, his nimble athletic walk gave him a commanding figure, which, coupled with a deep resonant voice and an accent that savored of "Old Erin," it seemed as though nature had particularly endowed him.

Admitted to the New York bar in 1876, Mr. COCKRAN took a prominent part in the court work of our State and Nation. In court he was a skillful advocate with an interesting personality and disclosed an intimate knowledge of his cause. Whether in court or on the political rostrum or in discussing a question of economy or political science, he exhibited so unusual a knowledge of the subject under discussion as to command the attention of all and was soon recognized as an orator of unique equipment and distinction. To those who heard him it was a rare treat; logical always, with a gentleness which was almost feminine, yet when moved to establish his point in the minds of his hearers he exhibited an intellectual strength that was dynamic; he was almost compelling.

Always religious and seeking Divine consolation, he attended while living in Washington a modest little church near his

home. It is told by one of his friends that Mr. COCKRAN almost every day retired to this little church for prayer and meditation. On one occasion, in the absence of an assistant at the altar performing ministerial duties, the pastor called for a volunteer to assist him. Mr. COCKRAN responded and took his place within the altar rail and assisted the pastor in the services. Apparently he was happy in the belief that his life was so prepared that the required duties of the occasion were not strange to him and that he was able to satisfactorily assist in the conduct of the services. Later it was learned that a suitable endowment for the church had been established. His religious training and habits had prepared and prompted him to take his position satisfactorily within the altar rail.

At political conventions and gatherings Mr. COCKRAN was watched and heard by all admiringly. He was frequently referred to as the mouthpiece of the Democracy of the State of New York. His strategy in these gatherings and the commanding influence of his oratory made him a conspicuous figure. His advice on the policy of his party was frequently sought.

Mr. COCKRAN served seven terms as a Representative in Congress, truly a wonderful conclusion to a great life. His record has been inspiring, his friendships many, and our memory of him will always be dear and precious.

I am taking the liberty of appending to the RECORD a memorial of Mr. COCKRAN delivered by the Hon. Martin T. Manton, judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, before the New York County Lawyers' Association; also a memorial compiled and delivered by Robert J. Fox, Esq., formerly Mr. COCKRAN's law associate, and the Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan, which was delivered at a meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick on May 7, 1923:

MEMORIAL OF WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN

[By Martin T. Manton]

Death has stilled the most eloquent voice in America. When, on March 1, 1923, this announcement came, it gave me the profoundest sorrow to realize that those ties of personal affection and respect which united me to W. BOURKE COCKRAN were severed. This sorrow, I know, is shared by his brethren at the bar to whom he was so strongly and devotedly attached, and it will be shared by all Americans, as they fully realize that this country will be for the future deprived of the benefits which would have come from a continued public service at the bar and in the Halls of Congress.

Mr. COCKRAN was born in County Sligo, Ireland, on February 28, 1854, and came to the United States when 17 years of age. His earlier education was had in schools of Ireland and later in France. When, in 1871, he came to what was destined to be his land of opportunity, he worked for a short time in a clerical position, and then assumed the duties of a private tutor. He became an instructor and later a principal in a public school at Tuckahoe, Westchester County, N. Y. It was while so employed that he studied law. Thus, he prepared in the university of necessity, taking advantage of a friend's offer—Judge Abram R. Tappan—who had taken a fancy to the young and promising Irish gentleman and accorded him access to his law library. Thus encouraged, he embraced the opportunity and studied industriously at night while employed during the day. In 1876 he was admitted to the bar and commenced his professional career in Mount Vernon, N. Y. Shortly thereafter he moved to New York City, and it was not long before his natural talents and industry gave such promise that he became conspicuous with the bench and bar. He was educated in the old-fashioned school of classical studies and his oratory bore the impress of that training. He soon took high rank in his profession; that rank he never lost, but his services in his profession became overshadowed because of his standing as a foremost orator in our national life.

The splendor of his voice as a public debater obscured, to some extent, the real and solid talent and achievements underlying his genius that made for a great legal luminary. In the spotlight of politics he was ever in the public gaze. To public service, to the law, and to his church he looked at all questions of any debatable character as worthy of detailed and full preparation—he briefed them all before he argued. He rarely spoke unprepared, but always had the appearance of speaking extemporaneously. He had the faculty of hiding the labor of preparation with perfect art.

A certain optimism was always the foundation upon which he planted every effort to convince. He never made an effort that he himself did not believe in. He was an acute lawyer; he was always a student. A scholar who never forgot his classics in anything he spoke or wrote.

His build and gracious carriage were unusual, unique and picturesque; his leonine head, his heavy features, his broad shoulders, and swelling chest. As an advocate, nature had given him a tremendous advantage over other lawyers—he had a magnificent organ of a voice whose attractiveness was increased by the touch of a sweet Erin accent, not always discerned, but most captivating and persuasive. The compelling secret of his success in argument was in his strength

and power. In the court room he was a conqueror in any interruption of his opponent. His repartee had all the persuasion a great mind could mobilize. He could charm his most hostile adversary.

He was a man of great determination and perfect courage, but he was so gentle and unselfish that all who knew him loved him. No one in want of legal aid ever knocked at his door looking for assistance in vain. He little thought of fees or lawyer's rewards. He but loved the opportunity, fraught with serious responsibility, to help the poor litigant. Often he aided one who need legal assistance over that period when all hope seemed gone. His devotion to his professional duty won back ambition for the disheartened, and his victory brought back faith in the justice of mankind. He cherished the opportunity to send on a poor litigant a victor to new accomplishments.

Whether discussing law or facts before a court or jury, he was clear, brilliant, logical, and convincing. When you opposed him, you felt his power but appreciated his courtesy and perfect fairness. When associated with him, there was a sense of relief that his part would be splendidly sustained.

He could see further into the future than any man of his time. How interesting it was to find time unfold in actual happenings, Mr. COCKRAN's predictions. Particularly was his prophecy of future political occurrences truly stated. He was a Member of Congress for seven terms. Each time he brought to that service an equipment that seemed to be superior to his last term of service, but constant application at his banquet of learning made it possible to improve. Many lawyers have entered the bodies of Congress, but few ever brought more of the lawyer's worth than Mr. COCKRAN. He had all the fire, all the directness, all the terseness, all the qualities of simplicity of form and straightness of thought which have made for the greatest statesmen from the time of Daniel Webster or Henry Clay. What he said in speeches will live in glittering phrase and golden words—the spoken sentence that stirs the soul and flutters the heart.

His life always was most religious. He found unbounded consolation in the teachings of the Catholic Church. His eloquent exposition of Catholic doctrine on many occasions were public expressions of the true moral man he was. He was very anxious to proclaim himself a simple Catholic man. He was in the practice of his religious belief a fervent man, ever devoted to its teachings. He was charitable, and his charity knew no limits. His acts went so often unmentioned.

The lessons afforded by the life of this great lawyer and American whose loss the New York County Lawyers' Association deplores exemplifies a character of dependency and constitutes an incentive calling upon all lawyers to dedicate their lives to a higher and more complete fulfillment of duty. It is also true that a right contemplation of his life and its results will serve in some measure to assuage the feeling of sorrow begotten by his death.

It was given to him to almost reach the allotted span of mortal existence and during his fruitful career to faithfully serve his country, to win the affection of all who knew him, and to afford an elevating and noble example of duty well and faithfully performed. Contemplating his life, its simplicity, its courage, its devotion to duty, its love of country, the faith that comes to us for service to country and to God, the highest reward of man will be ours.

May I in this my humble effort add this word to help lay the foundation in the permanent records of this association of a monument to his memory, which shall continue to speak of his great moral and mental qualities and his courageous and conscientious discharge of professional duty long after we ourselves shall have gone.

[Compiled and delivered at a meeting of Friendly Sons of St. Patrick by Robert J. Fox, Esq., and Judge Daniel F. Cohalan, May 7, 1923]

That WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN was one of the most remarkable and outstanding Americans of his day and generation will be admitted by all impartial commentators.

That he bulked large in the public eye; that he made a strong and it may be an enduring impression upon the history of his times; that his death brought sorrow to large and divergent groups whose sympathies or views rarely are affected by the same event must be granted. This should cause us carefully to review his career and study his qualities in order to discover what it was that set him apart from other men and made of him a figure at once unique, attractive, and picturesque.

It is difficult while still we labor under the sense of personal loss to appraise fairly the qualities or to estimate justly the character of a departed friend.

We are too apt at such a time to permit our emotions to color our judgment and to sway our verdict.

Lord Bacon says that narrative biography requires knowledge of important facts, and veracity and impartiality in recording them.

It is hard to restrain the ardor of friendship in writing of so widely gifted and attractive a man, but a just appreciation should stand upon a foundation of understatement.

It was Macaulay who said that if one stopped under a doorway for a moment with Edmund Burke to escape a shower, he would be impressed with the certainty that he had met a great man. That was true of BOURKE COCKRAN.

His charm of manner, his musical voice, his unexcelled diction, his multifarious knowledge, his lionine head and massive body made him a personality at once outstanding, remarkable, and striking.

He was essentially a product of the times in which he lived and moved and had his being.

Born in Sligo about the middle of the last century, of a family in good circumstances and position, he was early intended for the church, and received in his native land at the hands of the great teaching order of the Irish Christian Brothers a splendid grounding in the fundamentals of education and a thorough training in the art of assimilating as well as acquiring that learning for which in later years he became so conspicuous.

Later in France he added to his stores of knowledge and acquired with the French tongue a fondness for its literature which gave him a mastery of the history of the Continent—both classical and profane—that shed distinction upon him throughout all his after years.

Presently he decided that his vocation was rather for the world than for the cloister, and we find him in his young manhood turning his face to the west, to the land which had opened the door of opportunity and eminence to so many of his countrymen. Here he hewed out for himself a career which has had few parallels among his contemporaries. Men of great talents largely form themselves. By the untrammelled exertion of their own powers rather than by the aid of patrons or fictitious circumstances they break through the barriers of power or the obstacles of fate and make for themselves a position which they owe to native ability and unrelenting toil. So it was with COCKRAN. In his young manhood, after reaching our shores, he may have spent with lavish hand some of the talent and energy with which nature had so prodigally endowed him. But he never lost sight of the goal for which he steered, and the passing years brought him onward and upward in the regard and affection and esteem of his countrymen.

His studies were regular, his contacts with his fellow men constant, and all his varied experiences tended to invigorate, enrich, and expand his thoughts. His vigorous and penetrating mind, always at work, gained for him an immense extent and variety of knowledge. But he had the learning of a philosopher rather than a pedant, and to that learning he added the manners of a gentleman. His company was sought by the fashionable of the world, for he was a wit with a subtle sense of humor and a keen knowledge of proportion. He had an inexhaustible fund of discourse, with constant cheerfulness and high spirits, and that great art of good breeding which made his company pleased with themselves as well as with him. He avoided, either in speech or conversation, the reputation of being a joker or farcener, and pointed often to the fate of several of his brilliant rivals whose genuine talents could not sustain them as against the name of being masters of humor. BOURKE COCKRAN was a many-sided man, and one who might have won distinction and rank in any one of several callings.

He was well read, a great conversationalist, a linguist, a trained and experienced lawyer, a successful man of business and of affairs. But it will be as an orator—ranking among the great orators not alone of his own but of all ages—that his name will live and his fame be secure. So great was his power and so exalted his talent in this direction that his other distinctions must be classed as episodes in his career, and no language which is restrained and deliberate can fairly give an estimate of the influence he exercised and the passion he aroused in multitudes when he fulminated against a great wrong, advocated a great cause, or exhorted upon behalf of a great principle.

One well might have thought in listening to him that he was transported to the Roman Senate in its best days. In his higher flights of oratory his stately periods reminded his hearers of the traditions of Burke and Sheridan, of Fox and Chatham in the British Parliament; of Curran and Flood, of Grattan and Plunkett in the old Parliament of his native land; or of the storied eloquence of Clay and Webster and Calhoun in our own Senate.

Verily in listening to him one would well believe that the age of oratory had not departed, and it is an interesting speculation as to how far the best traditions of the past may be revived when the occasion again shall call forth the passion and eloquence of men gifted like him.

This short memorial would not justify any attempt to tell in detail the story of his triumphs in the field in which he stood without a superior.

Suffice it to say that for nearly two score years no great cause has been discussed in our country upon which he did not shed the luster of his talents, the spell of his eloquence, and the music of his voice. He was a strong partisan, but he never permitted his loyalty to his party to interfere with his duty to his country. He was an aggressive advocate, but he always tried to be fair to an opponent even when dealing his most telling blows. He believed intensely in his own side of an argument, but he was tolerant of opposition, and ever ready to applaud in an adversary that ability and character which bespeak conviction and denote sincerity. He was a lover of liberty, whose passion it was to see it preserved in our country and extended to his native land. He has gone to his reward—after having fought the good fight. May we not say in closing, as men who knew him intimately, who admired

his extraordinary talents and his unrivaled attainments, and who took notice of his failings, for from them, in common with all men, he was not exempt; that the great, outstanding quality in his make-up was his intense and ever-present belief in the God of his fathers.

BOURKE COCKRAN was gifted and blessed above most of the men of his day and generation, but above all in that simple, childlike faith which was fostered at the knees of his mother and which survived and grew with all the triumphs of his great career, and carried him onward into the next world with the fervor of a martyr and the certainty of one who knows.

May the Lord deal with him as with one who has gained the palm, and may his place in the world beyond the grave be even higher and more glorious than that which he won for himself among men.

DANIEL F. COHALAN,
MARTIN T. MANTON,
ROBERT J. FOX,
Committee.

Mr. BUTLER. Mr. Speaker, if the time of going had been left to man the life of DANIEL J. RIORDAN would have been greatly prolonged, because his friends and associates would have been unwilling to have broken an association so enjoyable to them. But death does not consider the wishes of associates when it issues a peremptory summons, which no one has ever been strong enough to decline.

We had no notice that man's God had determined to take him before his work had seemed to have been accomplished; yet our friend worked with an industry which some one might now say was owing to a suggestion that his time for life on earth had been limited. I do not give a credit for such a thought, for we knew each other with sufficient intimacy to have warranted any confidence which we might have seen fit to pass between us. He never complained, and life seemed long before him. I did not think of him and death at the same time.

He was to me a man of bodily and mental strength, cheerful even when suffering disappointment. He showed neither passion nor resentment toward those who opposed those things on which his heart was set. His unfailing gentility made opposition to him or his wishes difficult, and, indeed, it was usually without avail, for he was a man of resolution, tempered with reason, insistent and persuasive; a candid, honest man, who prided the keeping of his word when once passed.

He was never accused by his adversaries of duplicity, yet his argument was made with a natural tenderness for the feelings of others which led his associates to frequently remark, "DAN's big heart is on his coat sleeve."

I found a delight in his company which I never tried to avoid. As I write this line I am reminded of a long official trip made with him during the summer of 1918, a part of which carried us through the place where his ancestors first lived. His love for them and their nativity impressed me with favor as he recounted with unaffected joy their habits of life, their hopes, and their aspirations as they struggled for their independence. I liked my friend for his traits, but if I could separate one from the other, I would speak of his intense Americanism. On this occasion, during the war period, he had one and only one thought—the preparation of America for the contest, together with his constant hope of its success.

This candid man had the intense loyalty of his race to a cause which he espoused. Never at any time did he break from the judgment of his party associates, who believed in his political wisdom and named him one of their leaders.

DANIEL J. RIORDAN was a liberal man, of excellent mind, and could be safely intrusted with a leadership which in his modesty he did not seem anxious to assume. He was an excellent judge of human nature and rarely advocated a measure before carefully consulting those who might be interested or enlisted. He showed in all things a cool head and a careful preparation, avoiding needless and useless discussion, thereby avoiding needless antagonisms.

In my official relations with him I never saw a weakness in his conduct, although he was always inclined to respect the wisdom of others in whom he had confidence. In all things he was an honest man and deserves to live in the confidence of those who confided in him when he went away from the sight of all men to live elsewhere forever. While he did not build alone, he did much here below to make a great country greater, to improve and develop its people, all of which must have comforted him as he gazed back from the sky line dividing life from death. It was to our advantage to have known him. What more could he have desired? Those of us who have lived to speak of him bear witness to his complete fitness for the duties given him, faithful and intelligent in all things, with a character of rugged integrity worthy of imitation by the best of us.

Mr. LITTLE. Mr. Speaker, eight years in the American House of Representatives is the greatest education our country now affords to an American citizen. Those of us who saw the sunrise of our lives from the doors of a junior western school, now become a great university, had a glimpse of the world that came when we were young and everything was new to us. We unrolled the ancient books of life and read in shining letters the history and philosophy of the world when it was worth reading—

When all the world was young, lad,
And all the trees were green,
When all the geese were swans, lad,
And every lass a queen.

Those who assembled around the altars of Harvard and Yale and those famous American schools enjoyed all the advantages that come with the development of American history and American citizenship. Others who trod the halls of Oxford or drank beer on the tables of Heidelberg or Vienna or Paris got a glimpse of everything in Europe worth while. In the Mosque of Elhazar, at Cairo, those of us who love mankind saw the youth of the whole Mohammedan world on exhibition at its studies and drank deep of the mysteries of that ancient abode of learning. Some have improved their resources and polished their attainments by weeks in Japan, or China, among the places where the world was born. They sipped of the wisdom of Confucius and learned with astonishment of the 300-year-old statecraft and poetry of Ieayasu.

When we came here we knew that there were kings before Agamemnon and generals from whom Caesar and Alexander learned the art of war. By the time that the average man came to this Hall he was on reasonably familiar terms with the characters and capacities of the great millionaire princes who so dominate the public and private life of this country. He may have known the youth of his native land showing its best on the field of battle for his country on the other side of the world. He may perhaps have lived in the palaces of the most ancient country of the Mediterranean East and spent many hours at the foot of the Sphinx, still keeping her own counsel. At any rate, he had known men in all walks of life and in all measures of victory and defeat. But never until he came here and received the diploma of several years' experience among his colleagues could he possibly have sounded all the depths that are now in the souls and hearts of his countrymen, sent to represent them here with all the powers of this mighty Republic. However provincial his feeling may have been, however narrow his views, he learned here the higher values of human nature, a broader and more generous understanding and comprehension of its attributes, and a kindlier sympathy with all its ambitions. Here I finally learned the absolute truth of a little verse my mother taught me:

In men whom men condemn as ill
I see so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I see so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two where God has not.

When we assemble in this Hall to pay tribute to the memories of our departed colleagues we fully realize the responsibilities and duties that bring us here and the value of their association and services. On this day all are equal. Millionaire and mendicant, sultan and slave, sage and simple, all march to the same music through that grim and ghostly cordon beyond which we may well all meet when the sun goes down.

When I came here, for example, Tammany Hall was a harsh word, and its denizens were subjects of my very stern suspicion. I saw at the head of the great appropriations of this country a man whose outstanding characteristic was absolute integrity and who came here from that great political headquarters. To my astonishment I found that in the very prime of his political career and the very summit of his political mastery of the wealth of the Republic he abandoned an assured seat in this House to go home and make a living for his family and start them in life. Moved by a sudden but matured and very natural impulse, I went to John J. Fitzgerald and apologized to him for my early misconception of him and told him that his departure was a very distinct and important loss to this country, and that I was proud to have been the colleague of so brilliant, so able, and so honest a gentleman.

This day death takes a heavy toll of our colleagues of Tammany Hall and of its environment and friends. It writes on the wall this day the name of BOURKE COCKRAN, the greatest orator of the House; of LUTHER MOTT, who leaves to posterity a record of faithful industry and loyal adherence to the great causes of woman suffrage and prohibition, which stamps his as

a name long to be remembered in the councils of the upper State of New York; of DANIEL RIORDAN, who was an honest gentleman, kind and courteous, and at all times actuated by the motive of service to his constituency; and of JAMES V. GANLY, who departed this life at the very time when he gave evidence of a most useful and promising public career, who labored zealously in discharging his duties, and in the short time that he was here gained the respect of his fellow Members.

We may well doubt whether on any one day in our career in this House any of us shall see fate snatch so brilliant a page from our books of membership. Except one or two great names, most of them pass off unwept, unhonored, and unsung among the constituents who sent us here from the West, but they all carry with them the profound respect and affection of the colleagues with whom they are best acquainted in this House. We know that they all have at home this day in the great metropolitan city vast audiences which assemble to pay due and well-deserved respect to their memories. We know that this night in the great New York City there will be many sad hearts and many sorrowful homes where they are held in loving and gracious memory, to which they are well entitled. We will spread on the record of this Congress forever these feeble testimonies to their high character, their sound patriotism, and their many talents, so that the young men and the young women of this country for the next century may find the record and from it broaden their own respect for their own great country of which we are all a part.

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mr. Speaker, during the past year there has hardly been a month in which we have not been called upon to pay solemn tribute to the memory of some Member of our House who has been summoned to enter the mysterious portals of eternity.

Since the Sixty-eighth Congress has begun its career 16 of our Members have answered the imperative summons. Four times has the Herald of Death addressed that summons to the delegation from the Empire State.

First, WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, the scholar and finished orator, who in eloquent periods so often reverberating within this Chamber pictured the past, presaged the future, and drew from the bounteous stores of his mighty brain wise counsels for the present.

Then DANIEL J. RIORDAN, that incomparable man, whose personality, without the meretricious aid of empty pretense, wielded so powerful an influence upon his colleagues throughout the long period of his legislative service.

The summons then came to LUTHER WRIGHT MOTT, the refined and delicate scholar, courtly yet sincere, whose service of seven terms at great personal sacrifice was a credit to his fidelity, an honor to his constituency, and a boon to his country.

Lastly, JAMES VINCENT GANLY answered the imperious call. His death came as a bolt from a clear sky and grieved intensely all who knew and loved him. The very circumstances of the fatal accident which marked him for sacrifice were profoundly and significantly indicative of his generous, kindly nature.

He was driving his car upon a tortuous stretch of country road, and putting into practice what he had so often preached, namely, the doctrine of courtesy, he turned off his course to make room for a car coming toward him around a curve.

His magnanimity, always stronger than his love of self, gave way too much. His vehicle struck the stump of a tree, was overturned, and he was impaled—a martyr to the kindly impulses of his generous heart.

JAMES VINCENT GANLY was born in the city of New York on September 13, 1878. He attended the public schools and, having an ambition for a business career, continued his education in a commercial school. He was successful in his chosen calling. He did not enter politics for a living, but after he had made a name for himself for business ability and personal integrity he ran for the assembly and was elected. He served but one term, and that was during the year 1907. At the conclusion of this political experience he continued his application to his business with renewed zeal.

On June 14, 1911, he married Miss Mary R. Leddy, a handsome and charming girl who made him a devoted wife—one who shared in all his joys and sorrows and contributed largely by her wise counsel and indefatigable zeal to promote his subsequent political successes.

In 1913, when the new county of the Bronx was organized, he was drafted as a candidate for the important office of county clerk. He was elected triumphantly, and, when he was sworn in on January 1, 1914, it became his duty to organize the new office. His long experience in business enabled him to do this so successfully that the Bronx County clerk's office very soon became known as one of the most orderly, systematic, and efficient in the entire State. Here is where his personality

exercised a striking influence: His own inherent courtesy spread itself indefinitely and was communicated to the entire office force, who, during his incumbency, and even since, has been distinguished by the sterling marks of courtesy, efficiency, and integrity.

At the conclusion of his term he was elected to the Sixty-sixth Congress. In 1920 he went down to defeat in a closely but honorably fought campaign. His kindly greeting was missed in the Sixty-seventh Congress. In 1923 he was once again elected to Congress, but was not destined to live out his term. His untimely death on September 7, 1923, cut short an honorable and promising legislative career.

To-day we unite to pay this slight tribute to his memory, and when these words shall have been forgotten those who knew him will long cherish and remember their genial friend and kindly colleague, JAMES VINCENT GANLY.

Good deeds, however humble, still survive. The conquering hero may lash the surface of life into huge billows, carrying destruction in their wake, but the lowly elements hidden in its depths give the ocean its stability, its color, and its strength.

For nothing dies—nor deed nor word nor thought—
Although their memory perchance may fade.

If this be true, the beautiful, the calm, and stormless life of GANLY was of as deep import to his time as though he reached the highest pinnacle of human glory.

It can not be said of him that his eloquence shook the battlements of fame. He made no adventures into novel spheres. He resorted to no showy expedients to attract the crowd or attain ephemeral distinction. His life was simple, his aims modest. He sought only to be kind, to be just, to be true; and he loved his fellow men.

ADJOURNMENT

In accordance with the order heretofore made and as a further mark of respect (at 5 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, May 5, 1924, at 12 o'clock noon.

SENATE

MONDAY, May 5, 1924

The Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Muir, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father, surely goodness and mercy have been following us all our days. Thou dost crown with Thy benefits each day as it comes. Enable us to realize our dependence upon Thee, seeking from Thee that guidance necessary in dealing with great affairs, understanding the path along which we tread, and being certain that we are under Thy guidance even in the midst of the uncertainties of life. The Lord lead us to-day and all the days according to His good pleasure. In Christ Jesus. Amen.

The reading clerk proceeded to read the Journal of the proceedings of the legislative day of Thursday, April 24, 1924, when, on request of Mr. CURTIS and by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with and the Journal was approved.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Haltigan, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the resolutions (H. Res. 283) of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. W. BOURKE COCKRAN, Hon. DANIEL J. RIORDAN, Hon. LUTHER W. MOTT, and Hon. JAMES V. GANLY, late Representatives from the State of New York.

ENROLLED BILL SIGNED

The message announced that the Speaker of the House had signed the enrolled bill (S. 1631) to authorize the deferring of payments of reclamation charges, and it was thereupon signed by the President pro tempore.

PETITIONS AND MEMORIALS

Mr. ASHURST. I present a letter from the Governor of Arizona respecting the reforestation of denuded lands, which I asked be referred to the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys and included in the RECORD. It is in the nature of a petition.

There being no objection, the letter was referred to the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys and ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, STATE HOUSE,

Hon. HENRY F. ASHURST, Phoenix, Ariz., April 29, 1924.
United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SENATOR: My attention has been called to H. R. 4830, to provide for the protection of forest lands, for the reforestation of